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The Mysterious Island

JULES VERNE

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MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

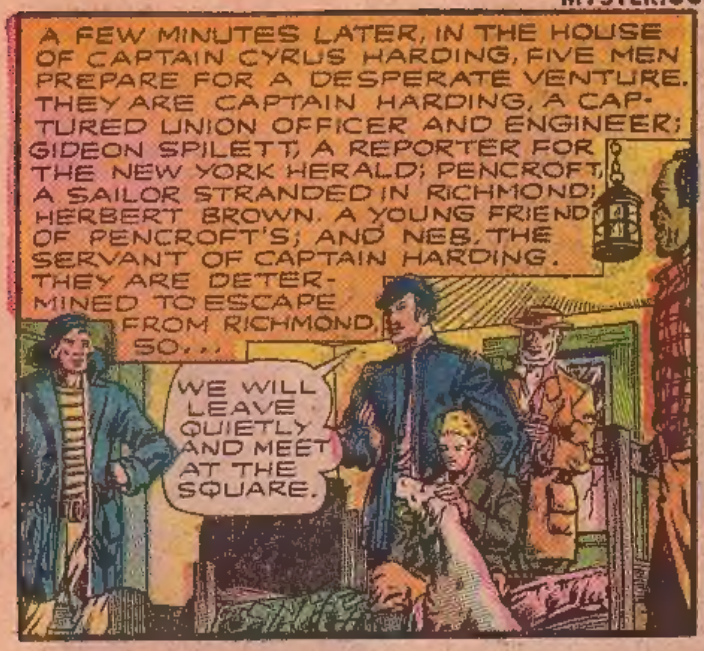
BY JULES VERNE

Adapted by
MANNING L. STOKES
Illustrated by
ROBERT HAYWARD WEBB
and DAVID HEAMES

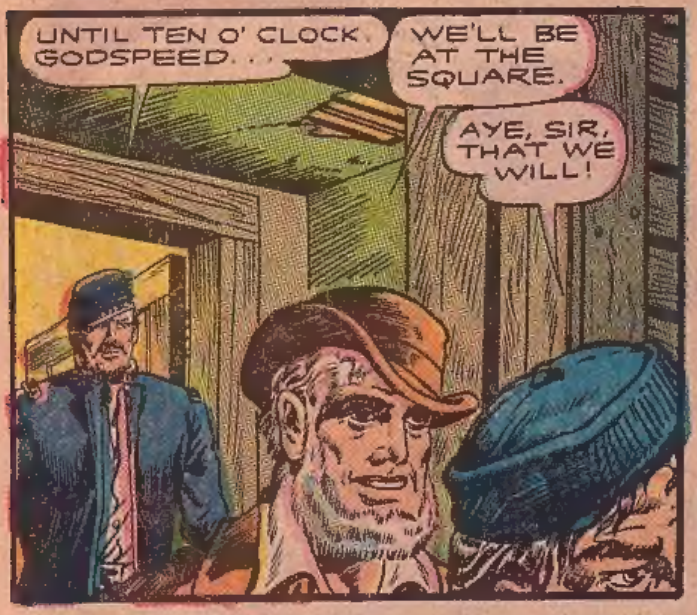
IT IS MARCH 20th, 1865. GENERAL GRANT, BEING DETERMINED TO END THE BLOODY CIVIL WAR, FIERCELY BESIEGES RICHMOND. BUT IN THE CITY, SOME CONFEDERATES PLAN TO ESCAPE AND SEEK AID FROM GENERAL LEE..

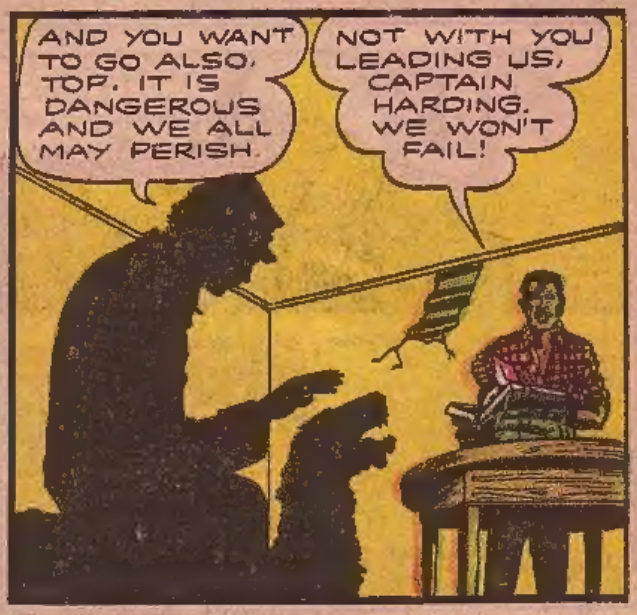
WE CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL THIS WIND SUBSIDES. IT'S A REGULAR HURRICANE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN FORSTER. WE'D ALL BE KILLED. BUT THE BALLOON IS SNUGLY MOORED AND PERHAPS TOMORROW...

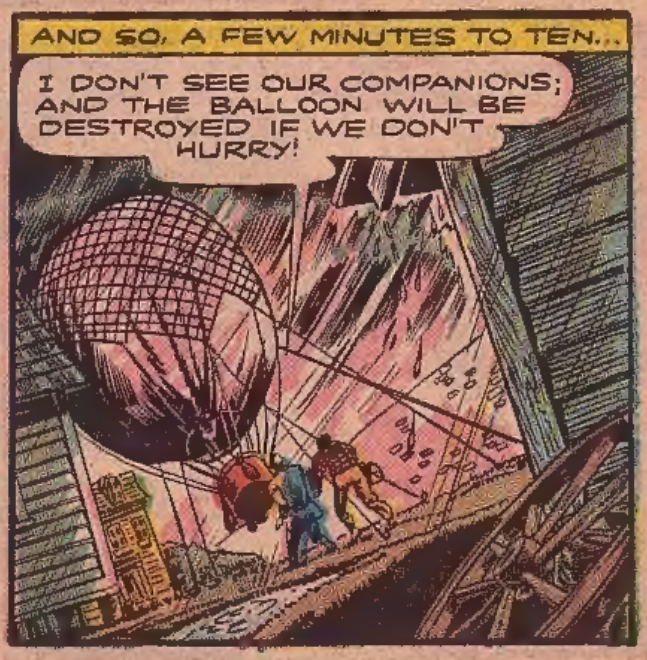

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE HOUSE OF CAPTAIN CYRUS HARDING, FIVE MEN PREPARE FOR A DESPERATE VENTURE. THEY ARE CAPTAIN HARDING, A CAPTURED UNION OFFICER AND ENGINEER; GIDEON SPILETT, A REPORTER FOR THE NEW YORK HERALD; PENCROFT, A SAILOR STRANDED IN RICHMOND; HERBERT BROWN, A YOUNG FRIEND OF PENCROFT'S; AND NEB, THE SERVANT OF CAPTAIN HARDING. THEY ARE DETERMINED TO ESCAPE FROM RICHMOND, SO...
WE WILL LEAVE QUIETLY AND MEET AT THE SQUARE.

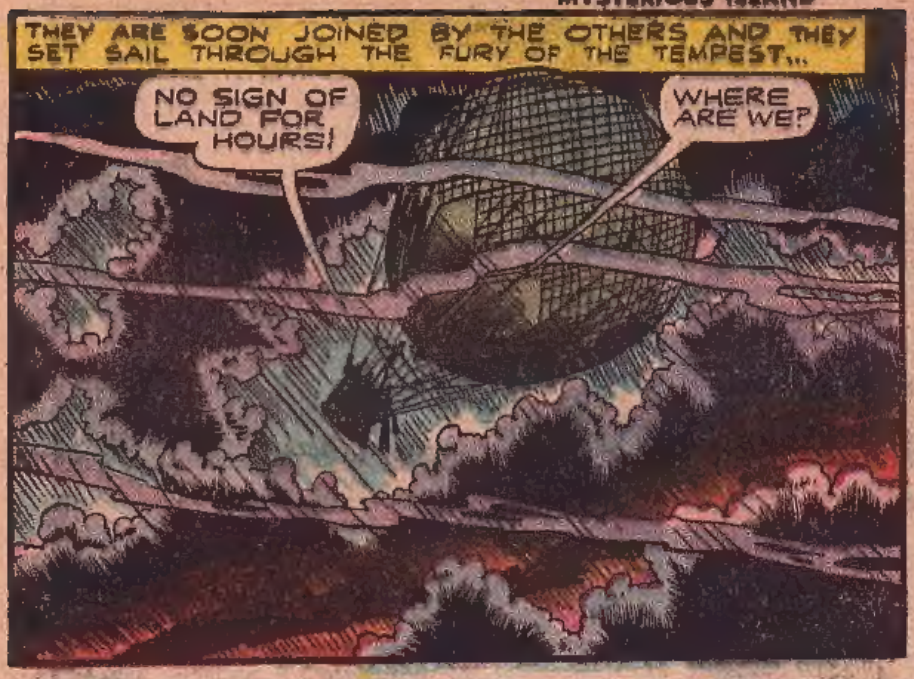
HEAVEN GRANT THAT THE STORM DOES NOT ABATE..
NOW IS OUR CHANCE. THERE IS NO GUARD OVER THE BALLOON!


UNTIL TEN O' CLOCK. GODSPEED...
WE'LL BE AT THE SQUARE.
AYE, SIR, THAT WE WILL!


AND YOU WANT TO GO ALSO, TOP. IT IS DANGEROUS AND WE ALL MAY PERISH.
NOT WITH YOU LEADING US, CAPTAIN HARDING. WE WON'T FAIL!

ALL RIGHT, TOP. YOU MAY GO IN THE BALLOON ALSO.

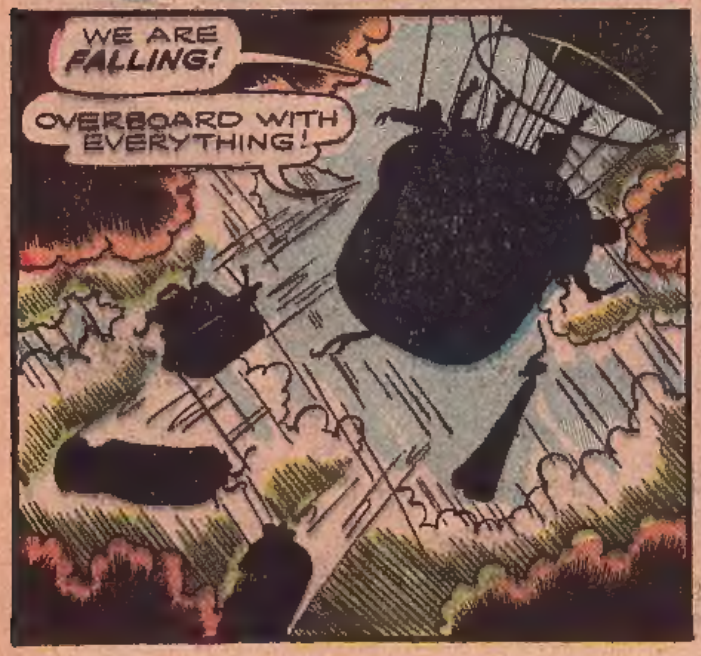

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES TO TEN...
I DON'T SEE OUR COMPANIONS; AND THE BALLOON WILL BE DESTROYED IF WE DON'T HURRY!


THEY ARE SOON JOINED BY THE OTHERS AND THEY SET SAIL THROUGH THE FURY OF THE TEMPEST...
NO SIGN OF LAND FOR HOURS!
WHERE ARE WE?

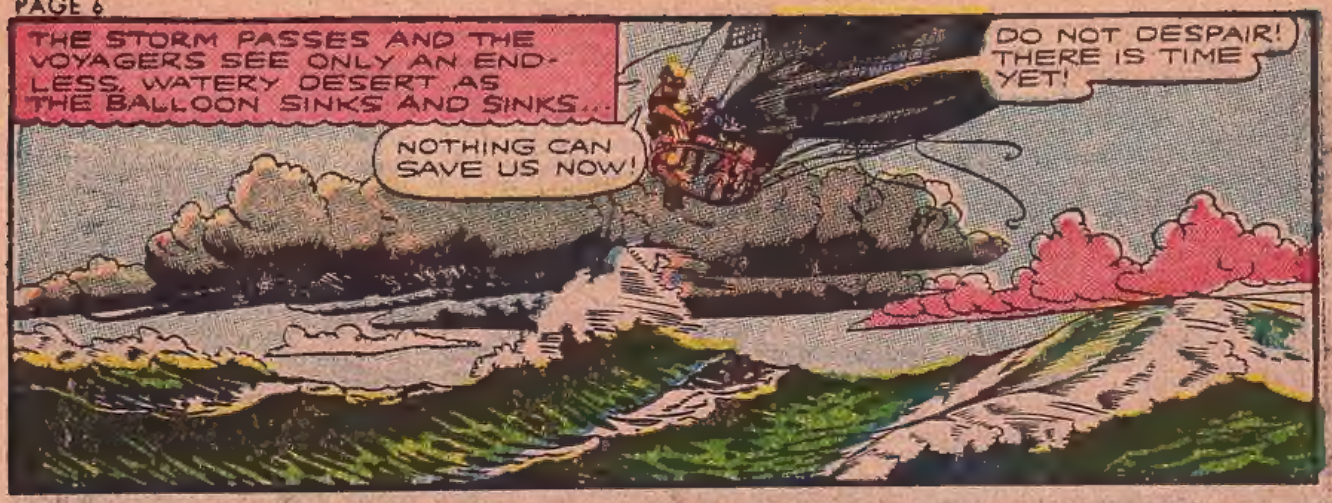
THREE DAYS PASS...
THIS FOG! WE DARE NOT DESCEND UNTIL WE CAN SEE!
WE'VE COME A GREAT DISTANCE.
DON'T WORRY, THE CAPTAIN WILL SAVE US!

THERE, TOP, WE AREN'T FRIGHTENED!

BUT THE NEXT DAY...

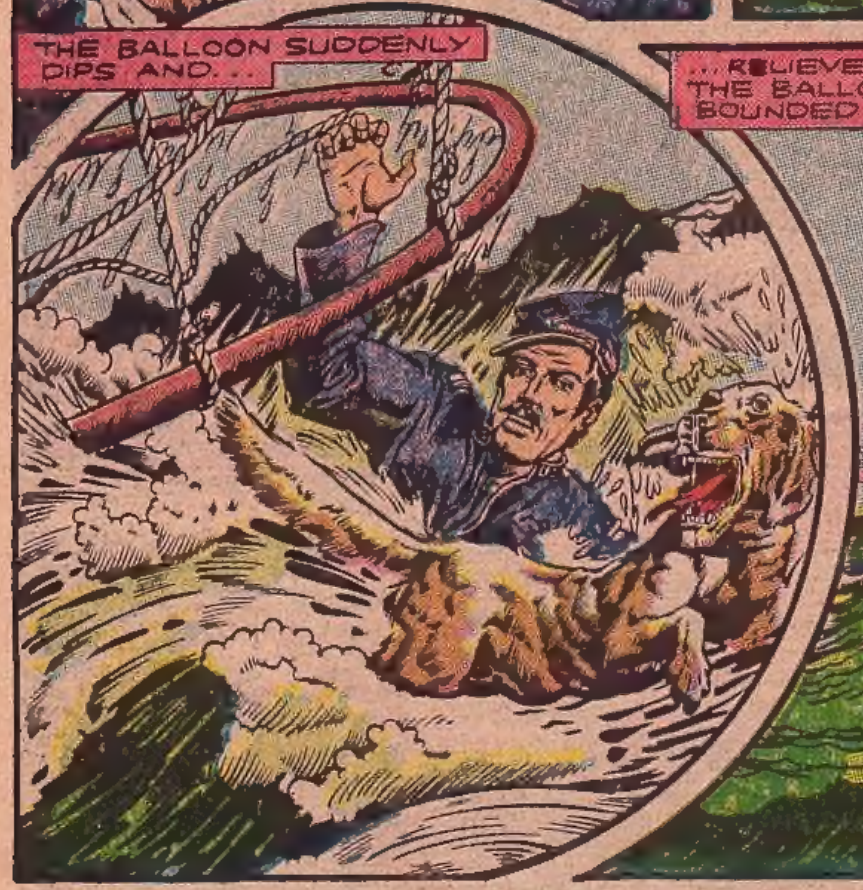

WE ARE FALLING!
OVERBOARD WITH EVERYTHING!

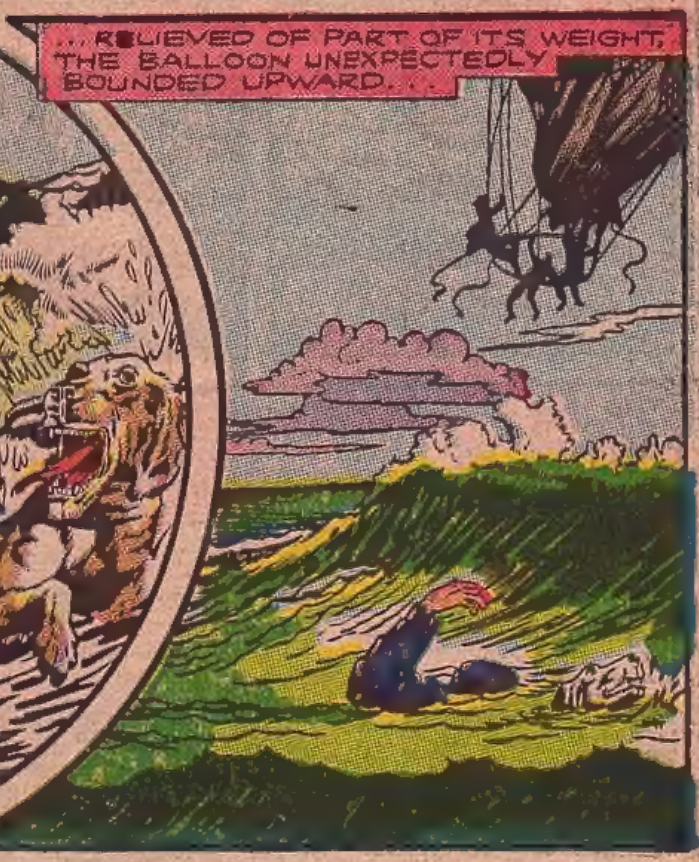
INTO THE SEA WITH THE CAR!
THE SEA! I HEAR WAVES!
WE'LL DROWN!

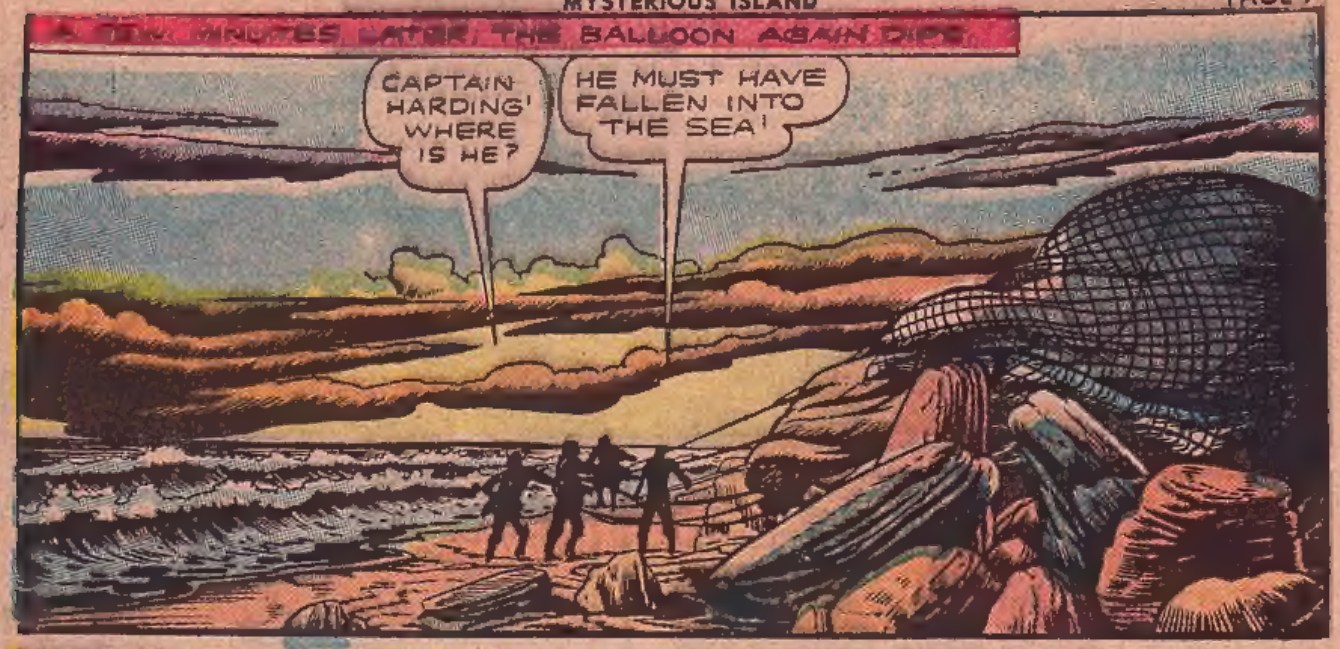

THE STORM PASSES AND THE VOYAGERS SEE ONLY AN END-LESS, WATERY DESERT AS THE BALLOON SINKS AND SINKS...
NOTHING CAN SAVE US NOW!
DO NOT DESPAIR! THERE IS TIME YET!

TOP HAS SEEN SOMETHING!

LAND! LAND!
YES, IT IS LAND! BUT WE'RE FALLING FAST!


THE BALLOON SUDDENLY DIPS AND...


...RELIEVED OF PART OF ITS WEIGHT, THE BALLOON UNEXPECTEDLY BOUNDED UPWARD...


A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE BALLOON AGAIN DIPS.
CAPTAIN HARDING! WHERE IS HE?
HE MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE SEA!

WE ARE MAROONED. BUT WHERE?..
FORWARD. PERHAPS CAPTAIN HARDING HAS BEEN ABLE TO SWIM ASHORE!

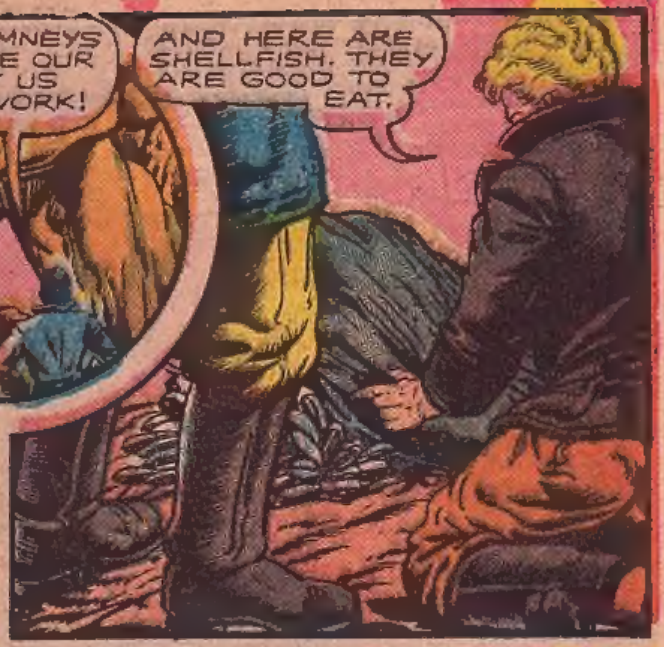
THE WEARY HOURS PASS BUT THERE IS NO SIGN OF THEIR LEADER...
WE'LL FIND THE CAPTAIN YET.
BRRR... IT'S FREEZING!
WE MUST NOT DESPAIR. PERHAPS HE IS WOUNDED AND UNABLE TO REPLY TO OUR CALLS!

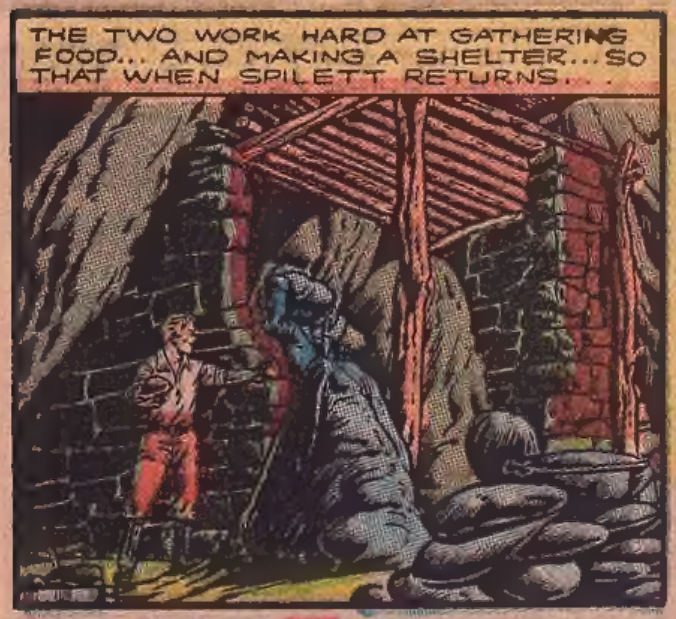
I MUST FIND THE CAPTAIN... I MUST..

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THEY DISCOVER THAT THEY ARE SITUATED ON AN ISLET, SEPARATED FROM THE MAINLAND BY A CHANNEL. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE LOW TIDE, THEY CROSS...

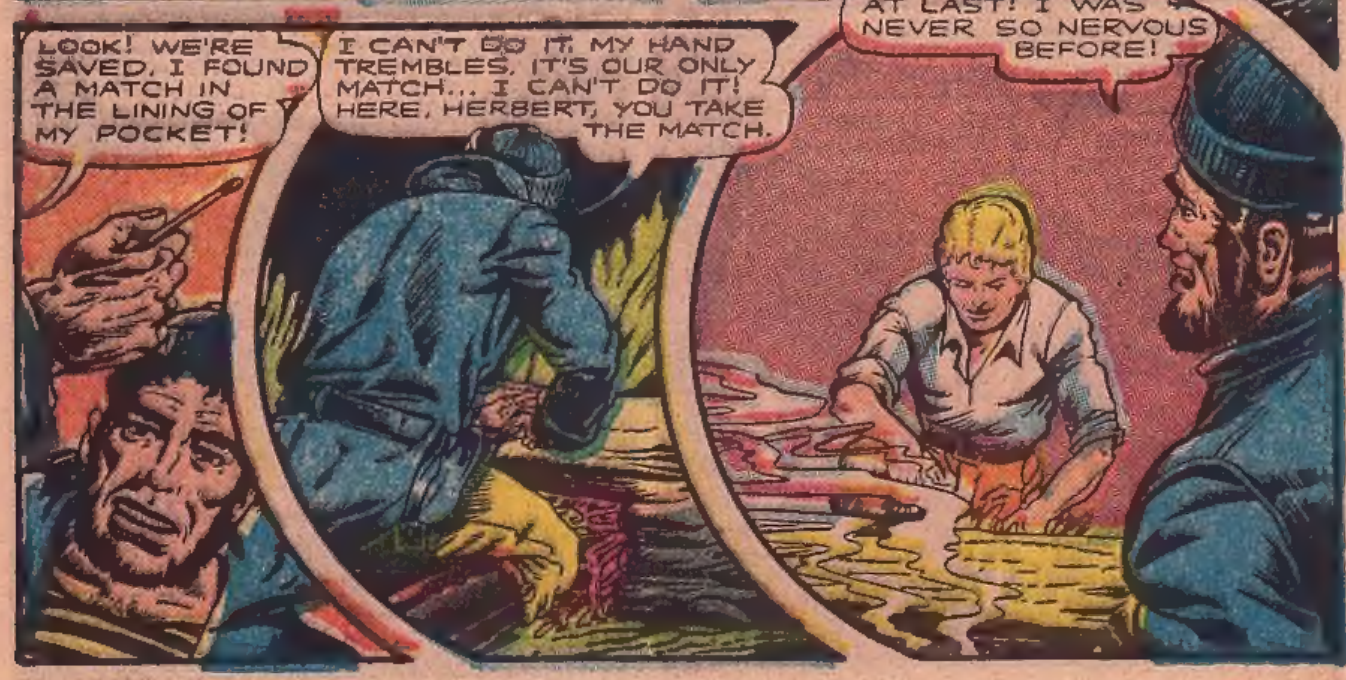
I'LL RETURN AS SOON AS I FIND NEB.
WE MUST FIND SHELTER AND SOMETHING TO EAT.

THESE CHIMNEYS WILL SERVE OUR TURN. LET US GET TO WORK!


AND HERE ARE SHELLFISH. THEY ARE GOOD TO EAT.

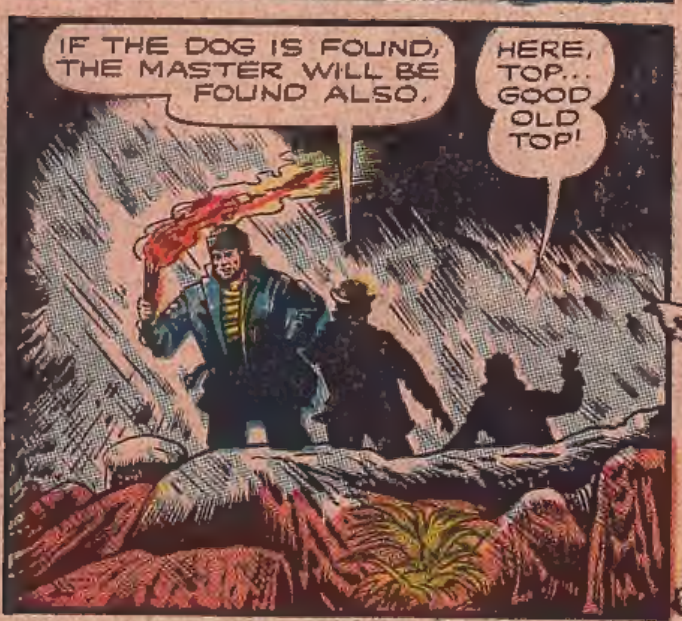

THE TWO WORK HARD AT GATHERING FOOD... AND MAKING A SHELTER... SO THAT WHEN SPILETT RETURNS...

THERE IS NO SIGN. I FEAR NEB WILL NOT FIND HIS MASTER.
YOU MUST REST. AH... IF WE ONLY HAD A FIRE!


LOOK! WE'RE SAVED. I FOUND A MATCH IN THE LINING OF MY POCKET!
I CAN'T DO IT. MY HAND TREMBLES. IT'S OUR ONLY MATCH... I CAN'T DO IT! HERE, HERBERT, YOU TAKE THE MATCH.
AT LAST! I WAS NEVER SO NERVOUS BEFORE!

OUTSIDE, A STORM RAGES AND SPILETT, DROWSING BY THE FIRE, HEARS SOMETHING . . .
LISTEN, PENCROFT, LISTEN!
WHAT? IT'S ONLY THE WIND...

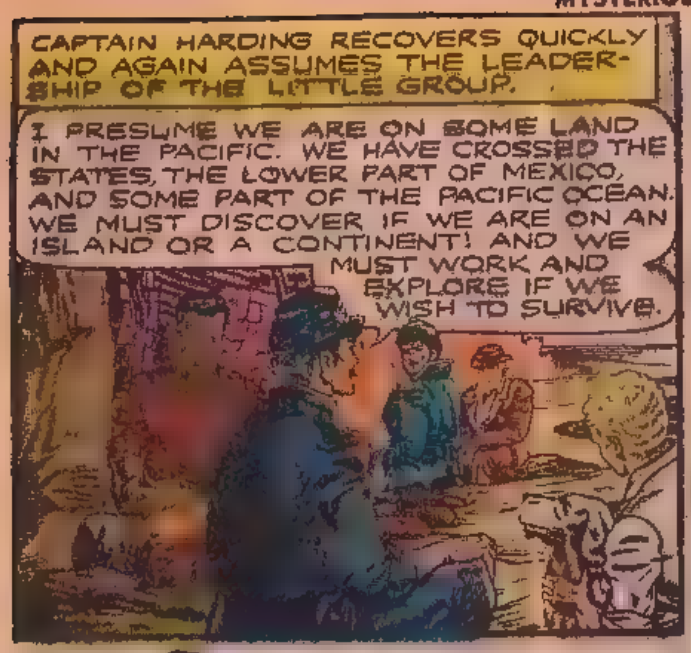
IT'S A DOG BARKING! IT'S TOP!

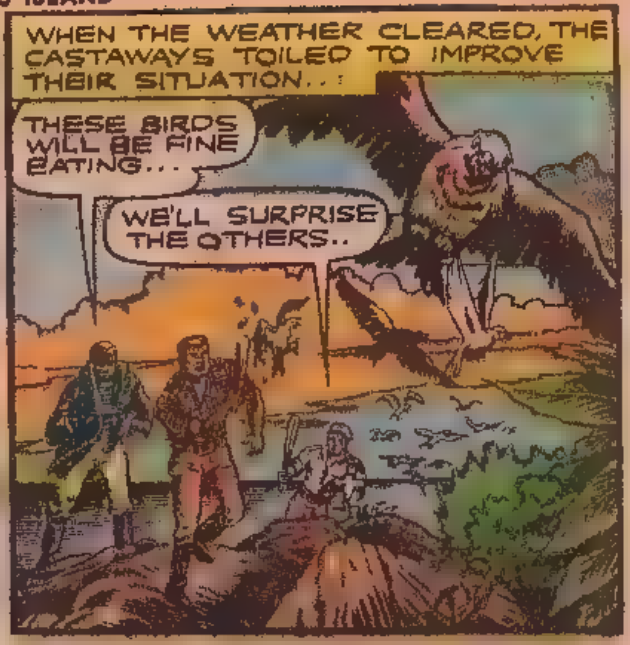

IF THE DOG IS FOUND, THE MASTER WILL BE FOUND ALSO.
HERE, TOP... GOOD OLD TOP!

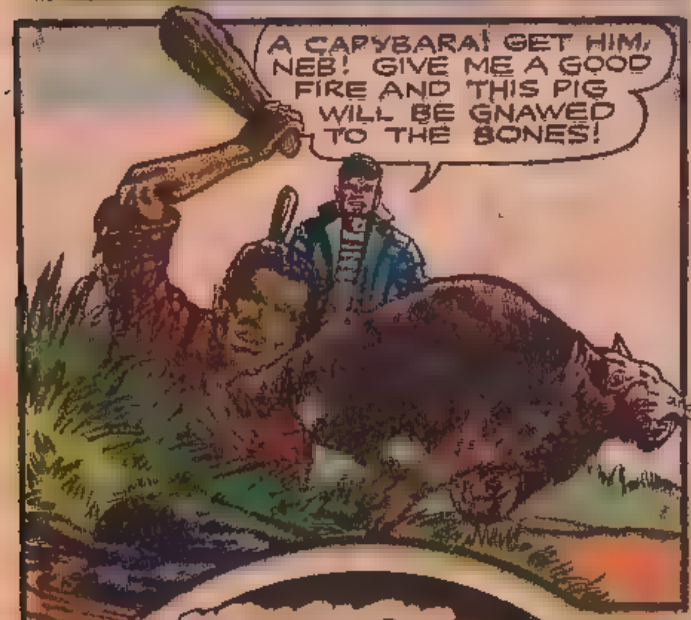
LET US SET OFF, TOP WILL GUIDE US
THAT'S STRANGE. HE'S CLEAN AND ALMOST DRY!
WE MUST HURRY!

FOR HOURS, THE FAITHFUL DOG LEADS THEM THROUGH THE STORM...
OVER THERE! TOP IS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING.
YES... THERE IS SOMETHING JUST AHEAD.

CAPTAIN HARDING AND NEB! IS HE LIVING?
HE LIVES..

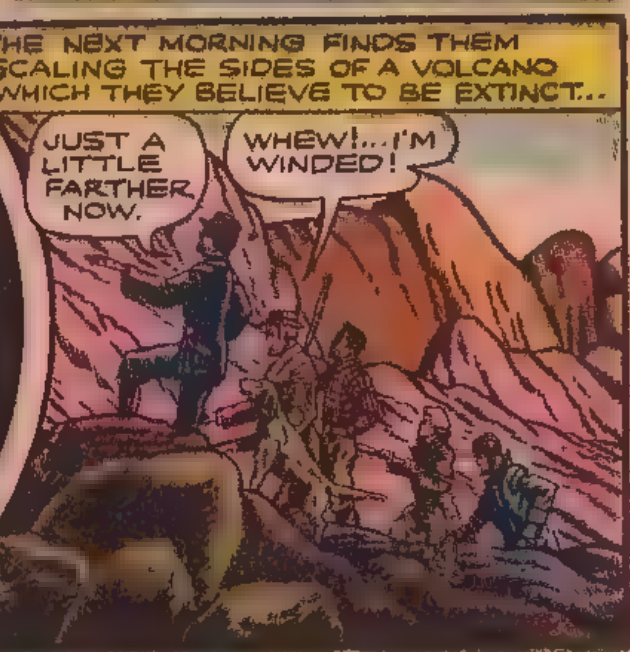

CAPTAIN HARDING RECOVERS QUICKLY AND AGAIN ASSUMES THE LEADERSHIP OF THE LITTLE GROUP.
I PRESUME WE ARE ON SOME LAND IN THE PACIFIC. WE HAVE CROSSED THE STATES, THE LOWER PART OF MEXICO, AND SOME PART OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN. WE MUST DISCOVER IF WE ARE ON AN ISLAND OR A CONTINENT! AND WE MUST WORK AND EXPLORE IF WE WISH TO SURVIVE.


WHEN THE WEATHER CLEARED, THE CASTAWAYS TOILED TO IMPROVE THEIR SITUATION...
THESE BIRDS WILL BE FINE EATING...
WE'LL SURPRISE THE OTHERS..


A CAPYBARA! GET HIM, NEB! GIVE ME A GOOD FIRE AND THIS PIG WILL BE GNAWED TO THE BONES!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, AFTER A GOOD MEAL...
THE TIME HAS COME TO EXPLORE. TOMORROW, WE CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN, WHERE WE SHALL BE ABLE TO SEE FOR FIFTY MILES. WE MUST FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS LAND.
PERHAPS WE SHALL SIGHT OTHER MEN.

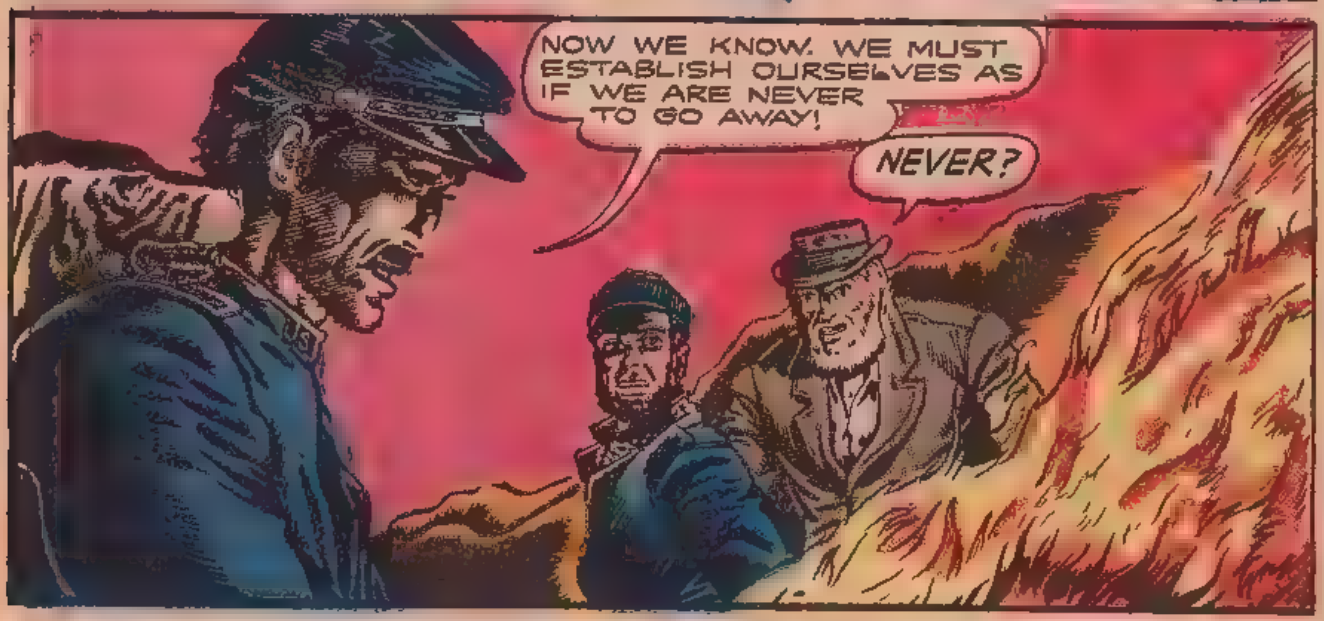
OTHER MEN? I WONDER? IF SO, WILL THEY BE FRIENDLY NATIVES?


THE NEXT MORNING FINDS THEM SCALING THE SIDES OF A VOLCANO WHICH THEY BELIEVE TO BE EXTINCT...
JUST A LITTLE FARTHER NOW.
WHEW!...I'M WINDED!

WHILE THE OTHERS REMAIN BEHIND, HARDING HERBERT AND TOP CONTINUE THEIR EXPLORATION..
YOU THREE ARRANGE THE BEDS, WHILE HERBERT AND I CONTINUE ON

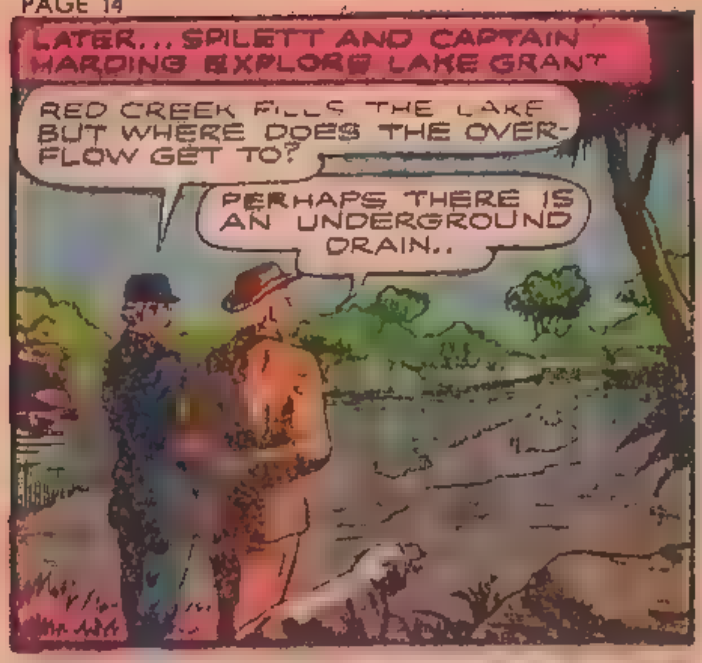
FINALLY, THEY REACH THE SUMMIT. . .
THE SEA! THE SEA IS EVERYWHERE!
AN ISLAND.

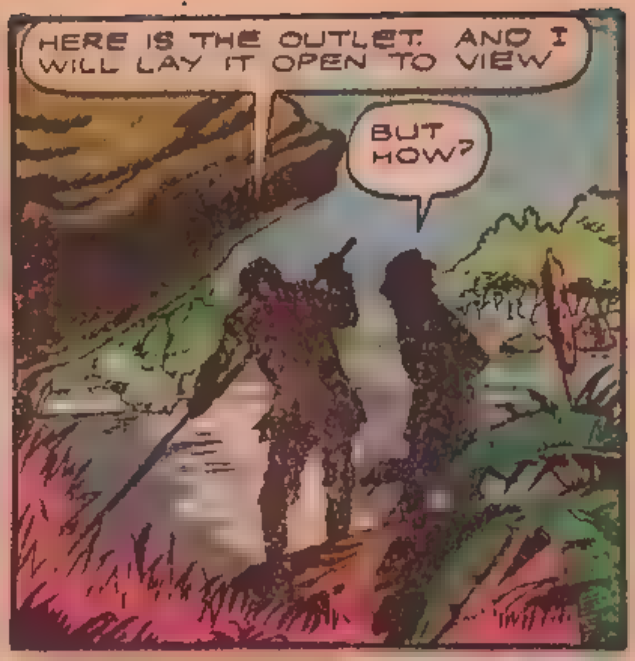
BACK AT THE ENCAMPMENT.
WE ARE ON AN ISLAND THE CIRCUMFERENCE IS PROBABLY MORE THAN A HUNDRED MILES. WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW FAR WE ARE FROM CIVILIZATION.

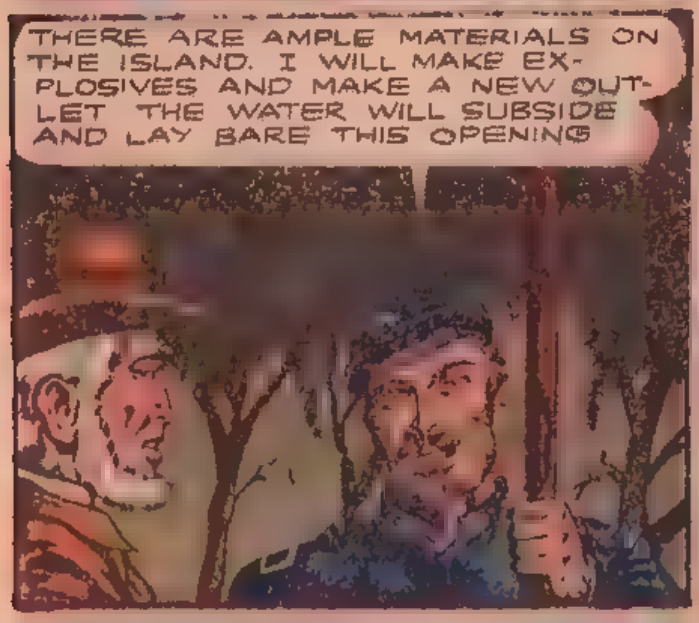

NOW WE KNOW. WE MUST ESTABLISH OURSELVES AS IF WE ARE NEVER TO GO AWAY!
NEVER?

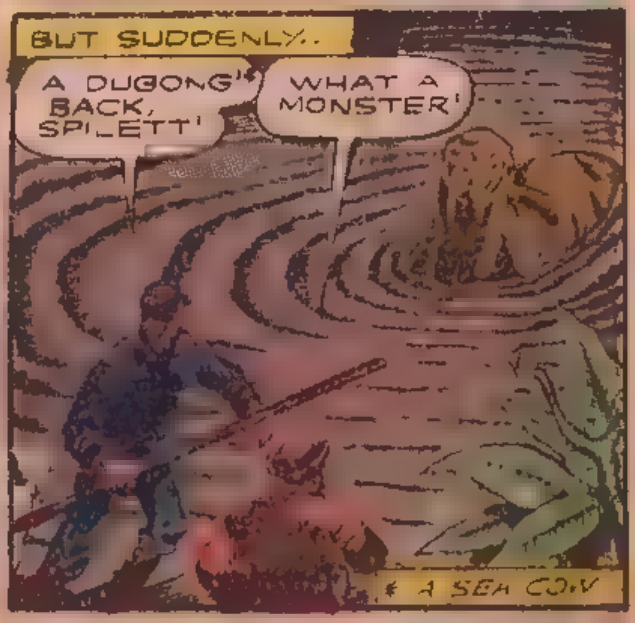
IT SEEMS TO ME IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING TO GIVE A NAME TO OUR ISLAND, SINCE WE ARE TO BE COLONISTS.

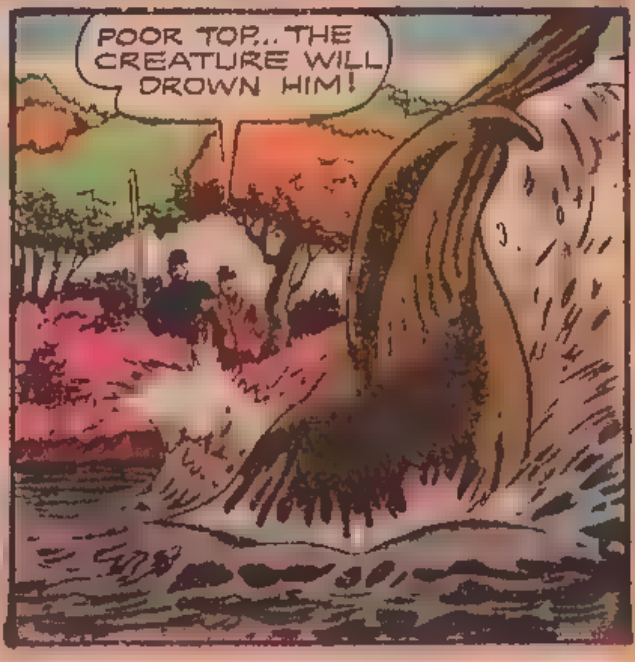
GOOD! AND WE SHALL USE NAMES WHICH WILL REMIND US OF AMERICA. I WILL DRAW A MAP!

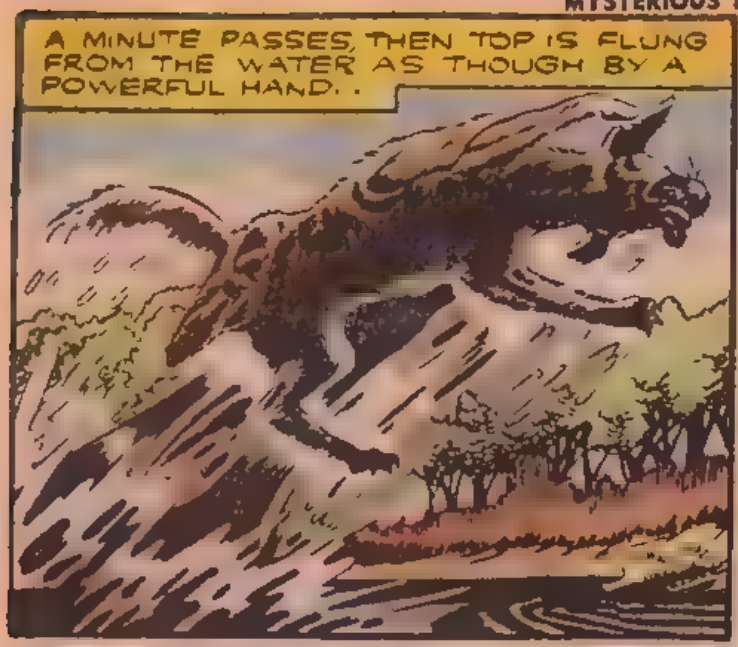

LATER... SPILETT AND CAPTAIN HARDING EXPLORE LAKE GRANT
RED CREEK FILLS THE LAKE BUT WHERE DOES THE OVER-FLOW GET TO?
PERHAPS THERE IS AN UNDERGROUND DRAIN..

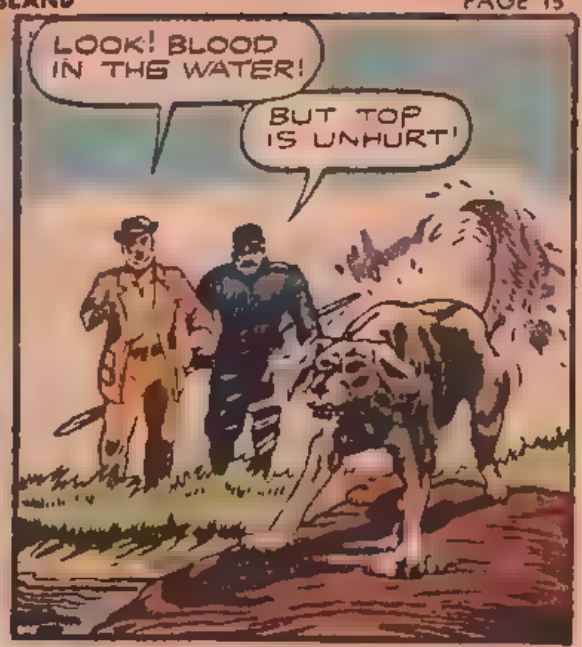

HERE IS THE OUTLET. AND I WILL LAY IT OPEN TO VIEW
BUT HOW?

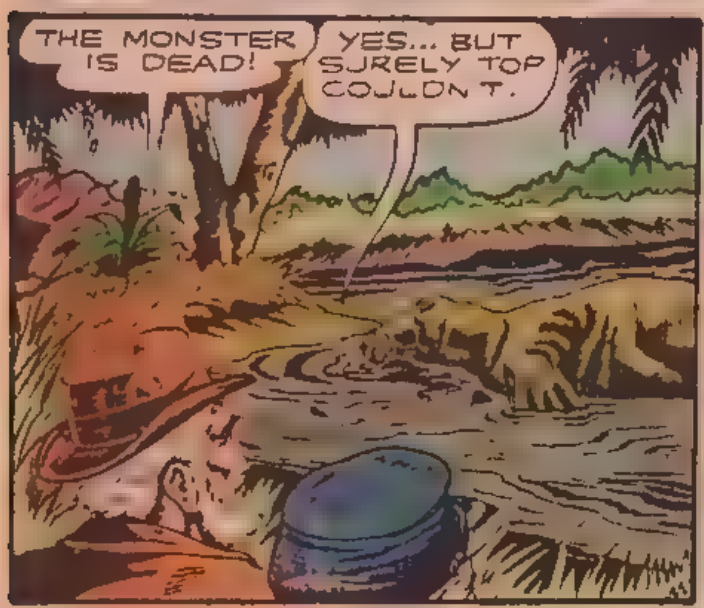

THERE ARE AMPLE MATERIALS ON THE ISLAND. I WILL MAKE EX-PLOSIVES AND MAKE A NEW OUT-LET THE WATER WILL SUBSIDE AND LAY BARE THIS OPENING


BUT SUDDENLY..
A DUGONG'* BACK, SPILETT!
WHAT A MONSTER!
* A SEA COW


POOR TOP.. THE CREATURE WILL DROWN HIM!

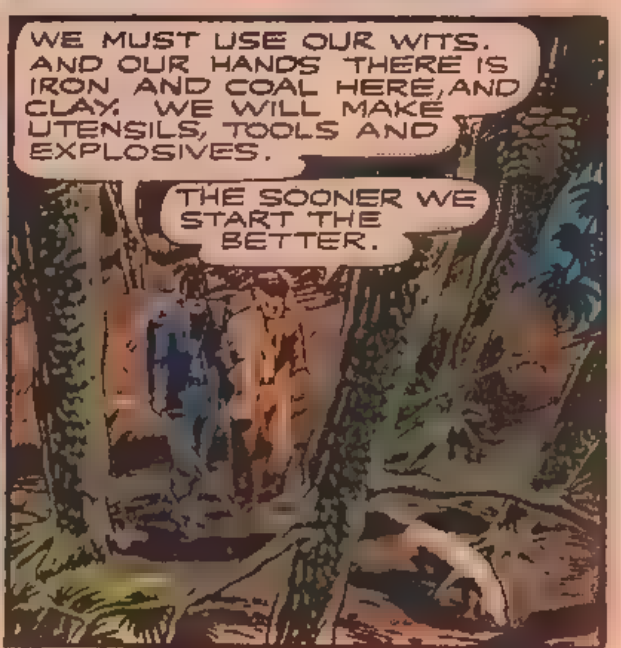

A MINUTE PASSES, THEN TOP IS FLUNG FROM THE WATER AS THOUGH BY A POWERFUL HAND..

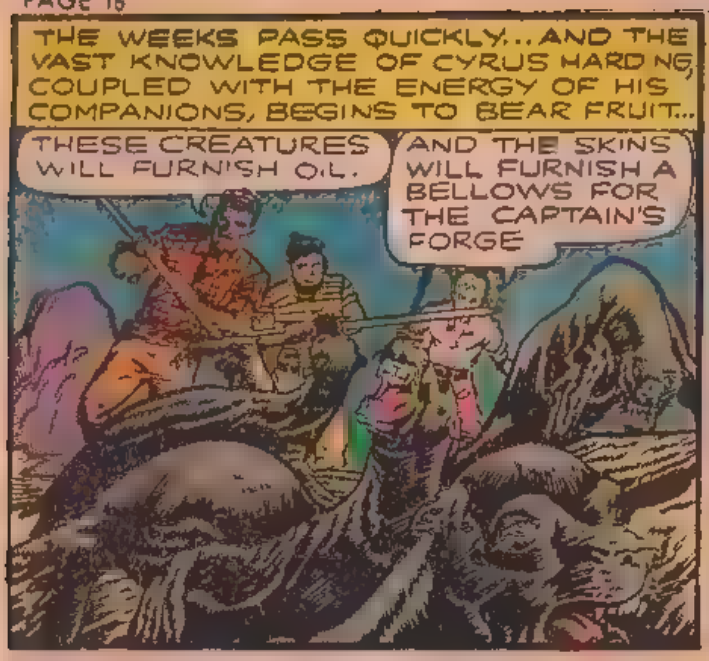

LOOK! BLOOD IN THE WATER!
BUT TOP IS UNHURT!

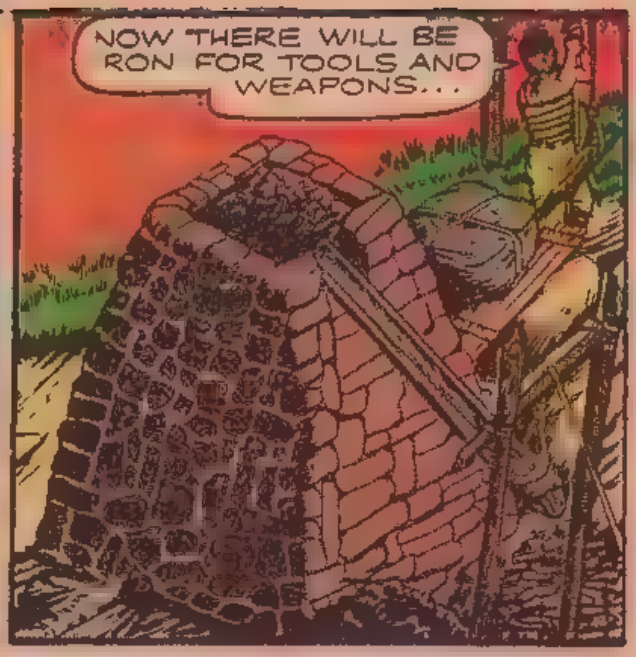

THE MONSTER IS DEAD!
YES... BUT SURELY TOP COULDN'T.

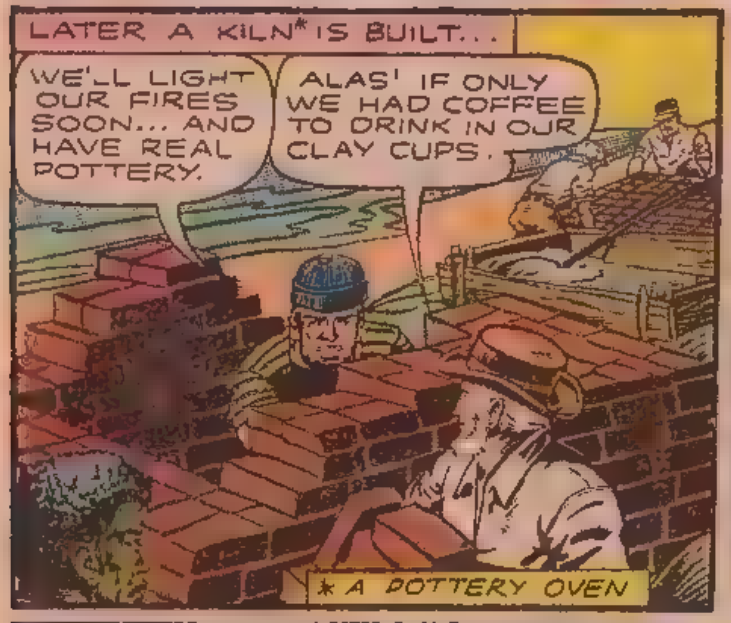
ONLY A KNIFE COULD HAVE MADE SUCH A WOUND
A KNIFE! BUT HOW? WHO?

THERE'S SOME MYSTERY ON THIS ISLAND. HOW WAS I SAVED FROM THE WAVES? WHO SAVED TOP JUST NOW? WE SHALL FIND OUT IN TIME

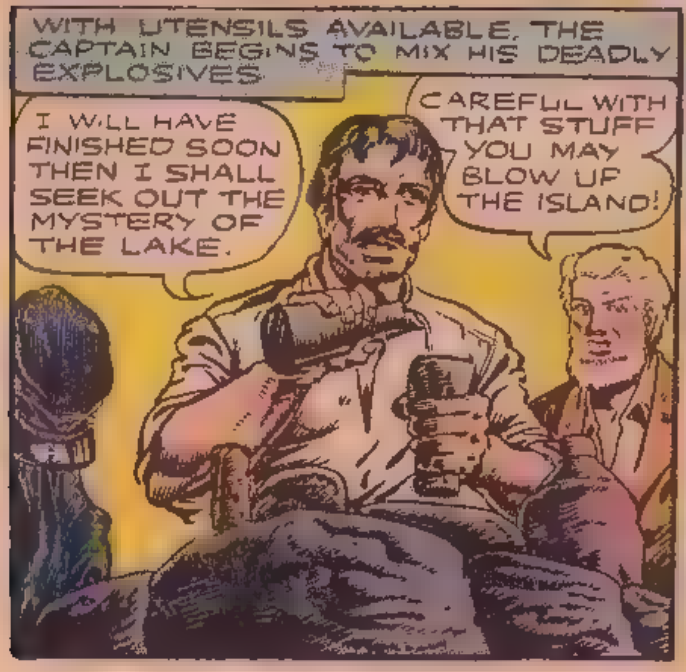

WE MUST USE OUR WITS. AND OUR HANDS THERE IS IRON AND COAL HERE, AND CLAY. WE WILL MAKE UTENSILS, TOOLS AND EXPLOSIVES.
THE SOONER WE START THE BETTER.

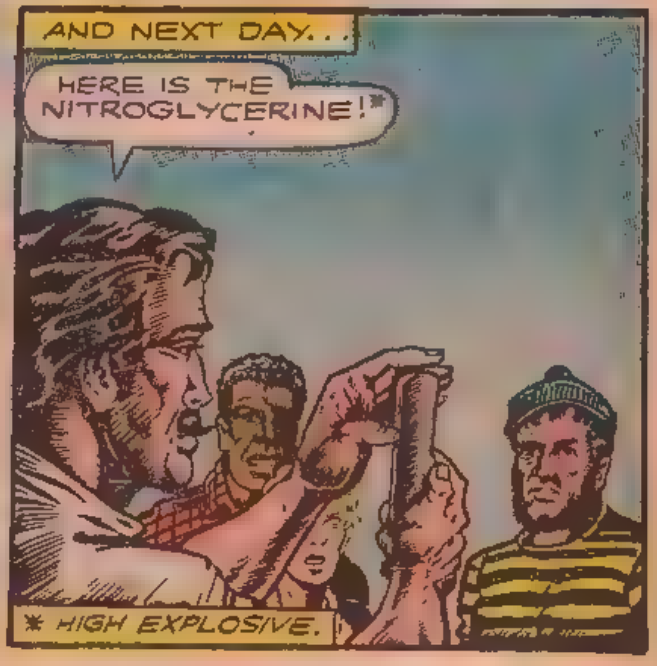

THE WEEKS PASS QUICKLY...AND THE VAST KNOWLEDGE OF CYRUS HARDING, COUPLED WITH THE ENERGY OF HIS COMPANIONS, BEGINS TO BEAR FRUIT...
THESE CREATURES WILL FURNISH OIL.
AND THE SKINS WILL FURNISH A BELLOWS FOR THE CAPTAIN'S FORGE

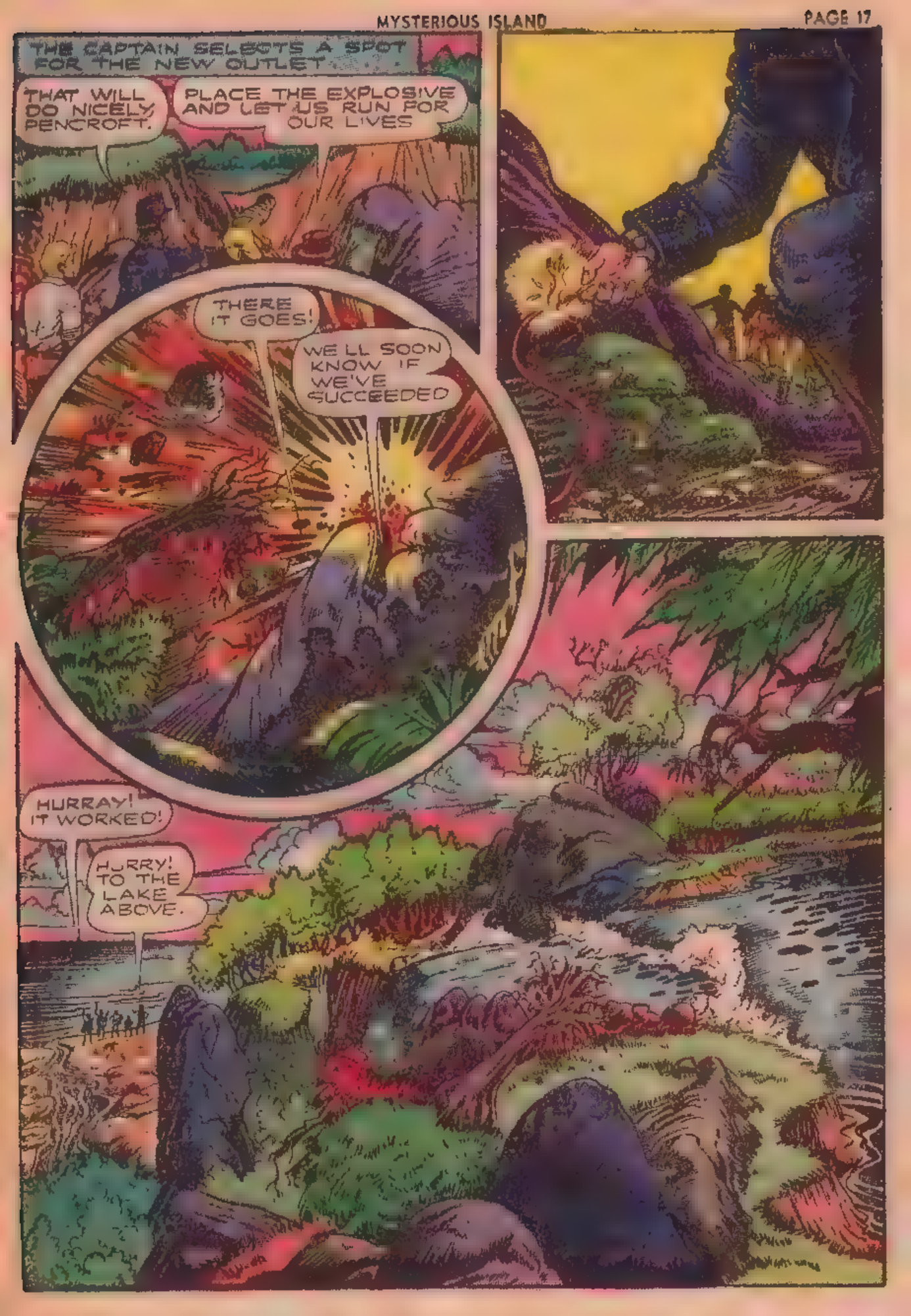

NOW THERE WILL BE IRON FOR TOOLS AND WEAPONS...

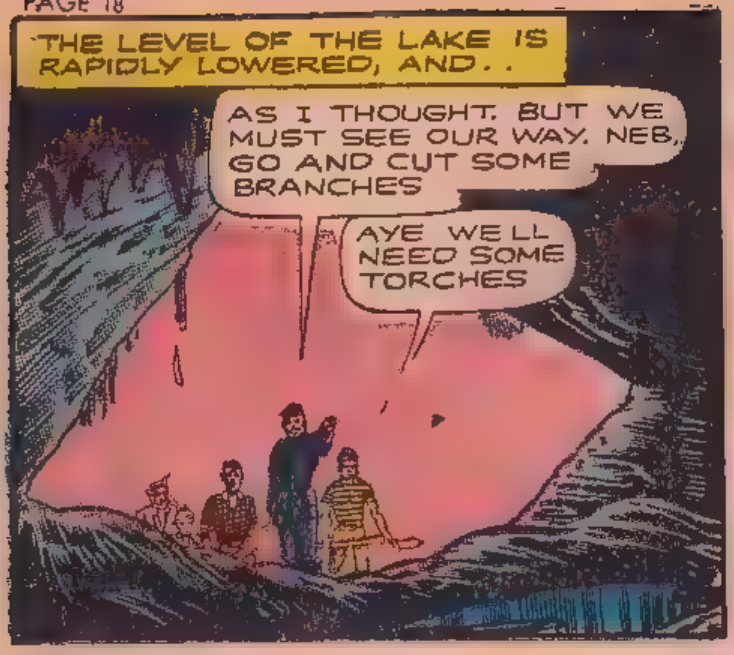

LATER A KILN* IS BUILT...
WE'LL LIGHT OUR FIRES SOON... AND HAVE REAL POTTERY.
ALAS! IF ONLY WE HAD COFFEE TO DRINK IN OUR CLAY CUPS.
* A POTTERY OVEN

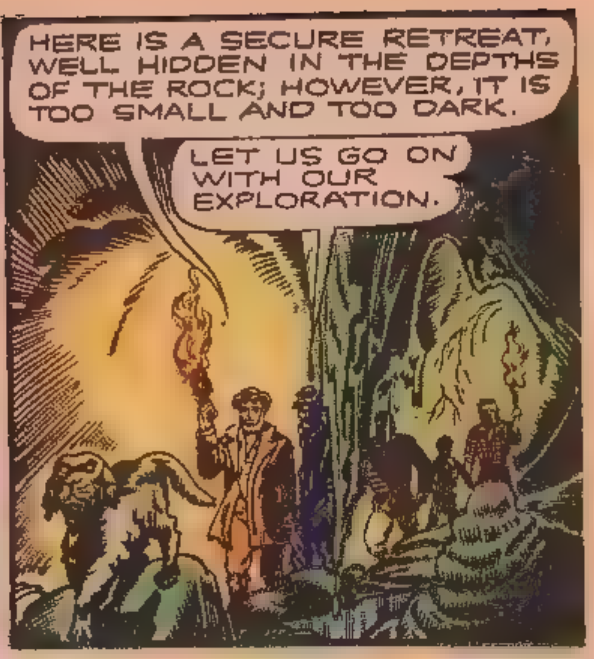
PSHAW... I HAVEN'T GOT THE KNACK OF IT
DON'T DESPAIR PENCROFT I'LL SHOW YOU HOW.

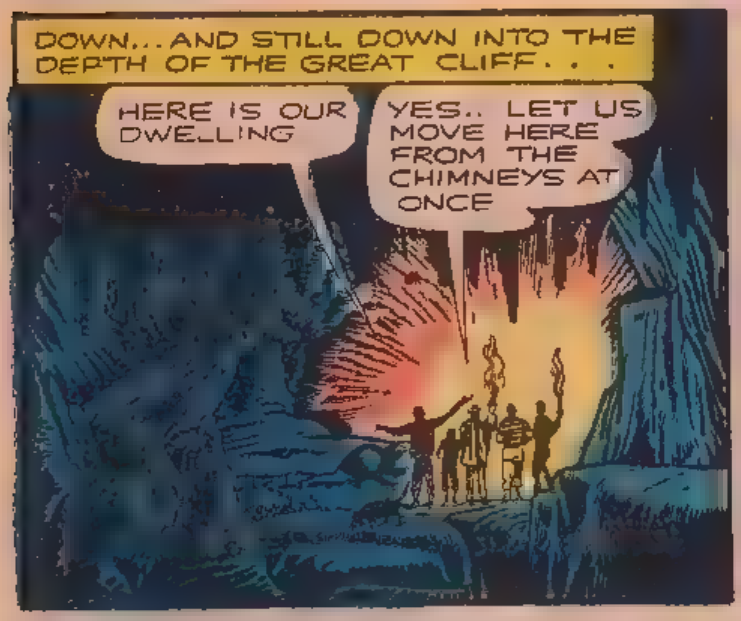

WITH UTENSILS AVAILABLE, THE CAPTAIN BEGINS TO MIX HIS DEADLY EXPLOSIVES.
I WILL HAVE FINISHED SOON THEN I SHALL SEEK OUT THE MYSTERY OF THE LAKE.
CAREFUL WITH THAT STUFF YOU MAY BLOW UP THE ISLAND!


AND NEXT DAY...
HERE IS THE NITROGLYCERINE!*
* HIGH EXPLOSIVE.


THE CAPTAIN SELECTS A SPOT FOR THE NEW OUTLET
THAT WILL DO NICELY, PENCROFT.
PLACE THE EXPLOSIVE AND LET US RUN FOR OUR LIVES
THERE IT GOES!
WE'LL SOON KNOW IF WE'VE SUCCEEDED
HURRAY! IT WORKED!
HURRY! TO THE LAKE ABOVE.


THE LEVEL OF THE LAKE IS RAPIDLY LOWERED, AND..
AS I THOUGHT. BUT WE MUST SEE OUR WAY. NEB, GO AND CUT SOME BRANCHES
AYE WE'LL NEED SOME TORCHES


HERE IS A SECURE RETREAT, WELL HIDDEN IN THE DEPTHS OF THE ROCK; HOWEVER, IT IS TOO SMALL AND TOO DARK.
LET US GO ON WITH OUR EXPLORATION.

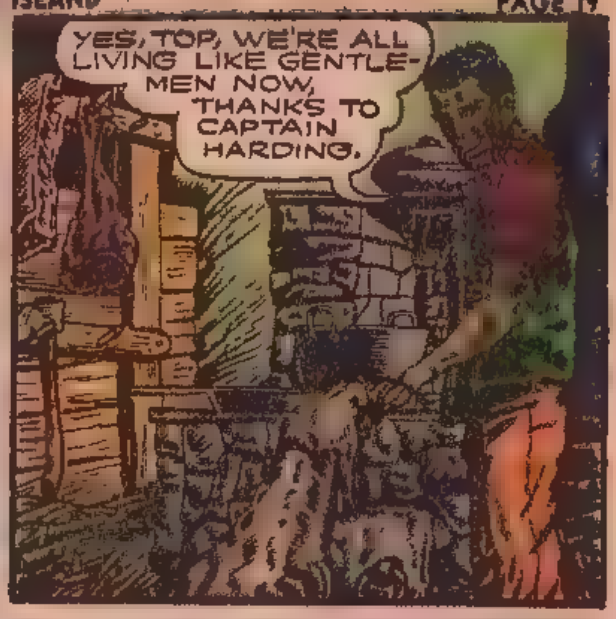

DOWN... AND STILL DOWN INTO THE DEPTH OF THE GREAT CLIFF...
HERE IS OUR DWELLING
YES.. LET US MOVE HERE FROM THE CHIMNEYS AT ONCE

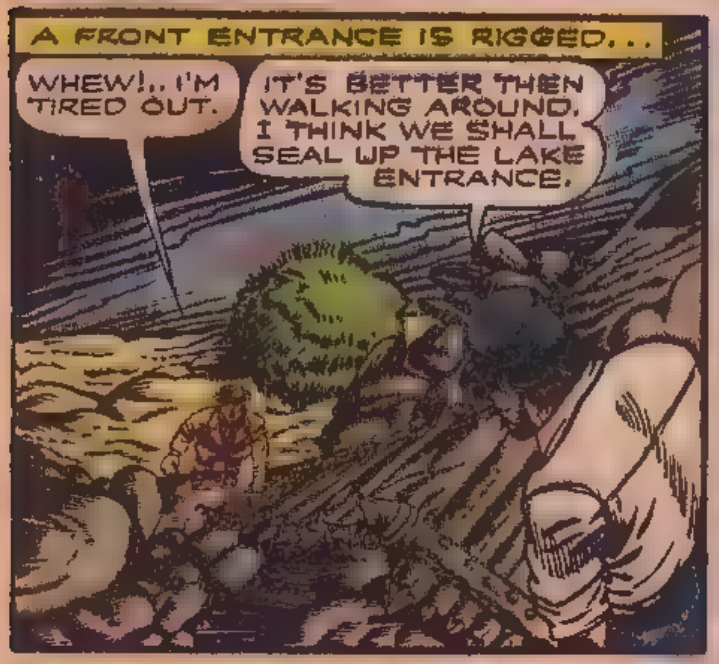
BUT SUDDENLY, TOP APPROACHES A DEEP PIT AND BEGINS TO BARK...
THERE IS TOP BARKING
HE HAS SEEN SOMETHING.

NOTHING BUT THE SEA AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS WELL

HMM.. MORE MYSTERY. THERE WAS SOMETHING HERE AND TOP KNOWS WHAT IT WAS IF HE COULD ONLY TALK

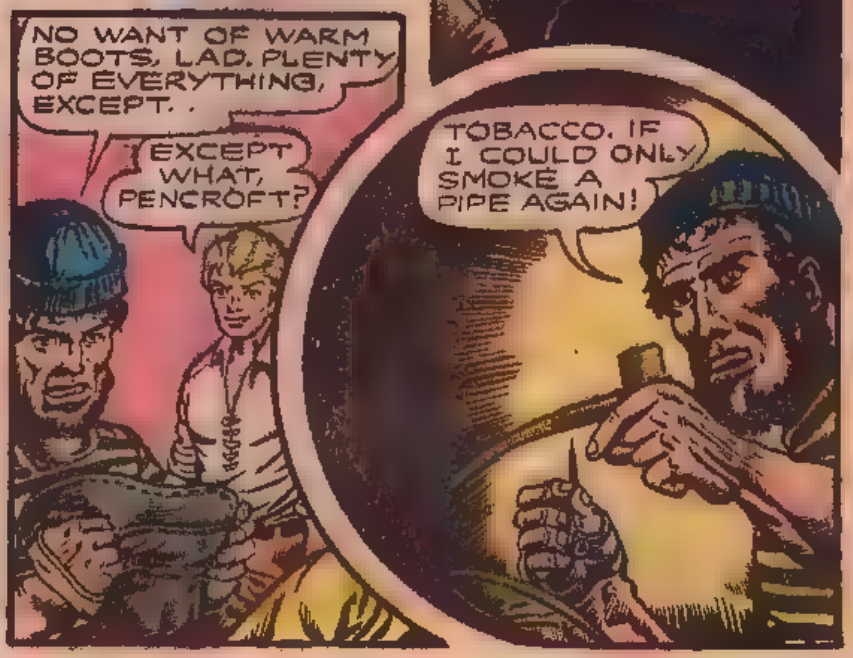
MORE BUSY WEEKS FOLLOW, AS THEY FIX UP THEIR NEW HOME, TO BE CALLED GRANITE HOUSE. . .
WE'LL SOON HAVE ANOTHER WINDOW, LAD.

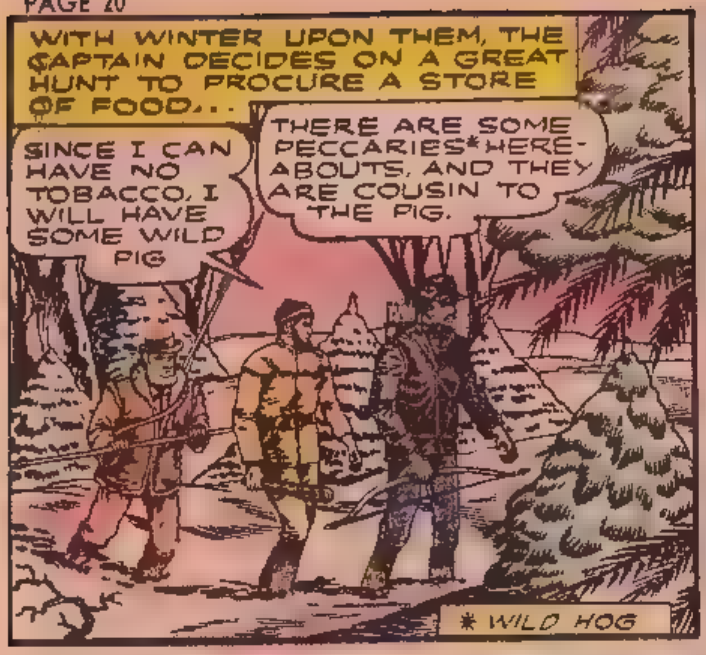

YES, TOP, WE'RE ALL LIVING LIKE GENTLEMEN NOW, THANKS TO CAPTAIN HARDING.


A FRONT ENTRANCE IS RIGGED. . .
WHEW!.. I'M TIRED OUT.
IT'S BETTER THEN WALKING AROUND. I THINK WE SHALL SEAL UP THE LAKE ENTRANCE.

THERE! NOW, WHEN WE DRAW UP OUR LADDER, WE'LL BE SAFE.

BUT ON THE WAY BACK TO GRANITE ROCK...
SNOW!
YES... WINTER IS COMING. THE SEASONS ARE REVERSED IN THIS LATITUDE, SO SEPTEMBER WILL BE VERY COLD.


NO WANT OF WARM BOOTS, LAD. PLENTY OF EVERYTHING, EXCEPT. .
EXCEPT WHAT, PENCROFT?
TOBACCO. IF I COULD ONLY SMOKE A PIPE AGAIN!

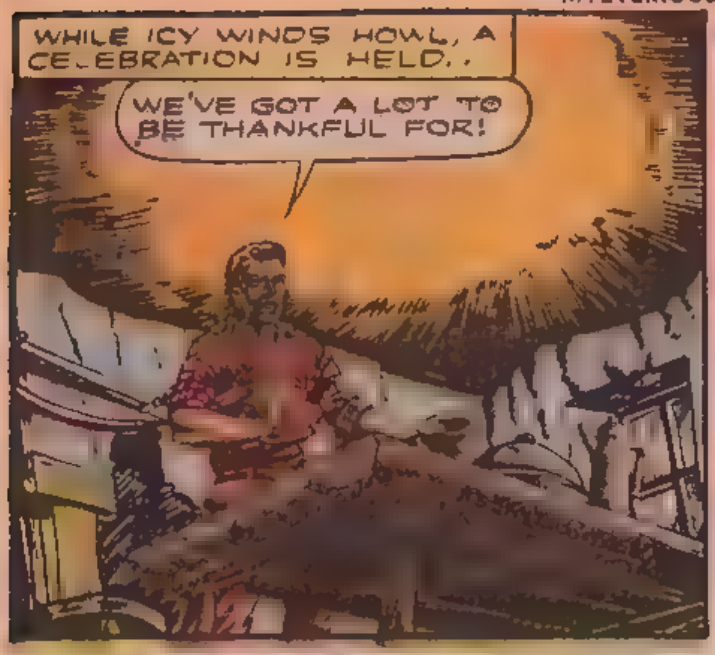

WITH WINTER UPON THEM, THE CAPTAIN DECIDES ON A GREAT HUNT TO PROCURE A STORE OF FOOD...
SINCE I CAN HAVE NO TOBACCO, I WILL HAVE SOME WILD PIG
THERE ARE SOME PECCARIES* HEREABOUTS, AND THEY ARE COUSIN TO THE PIG.
* WILD HOG

PECCARIES OR PIGS.. T'S ALL ONE TO ME!

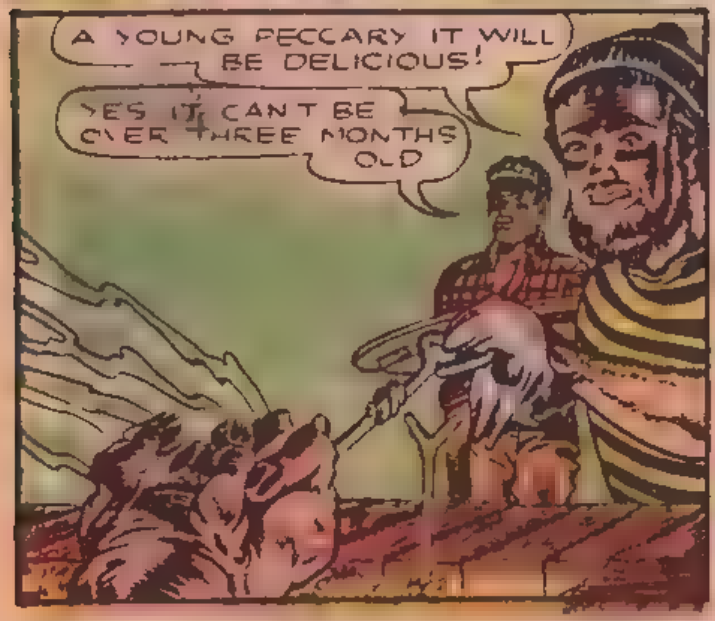
HELP!... A JAGUAR!

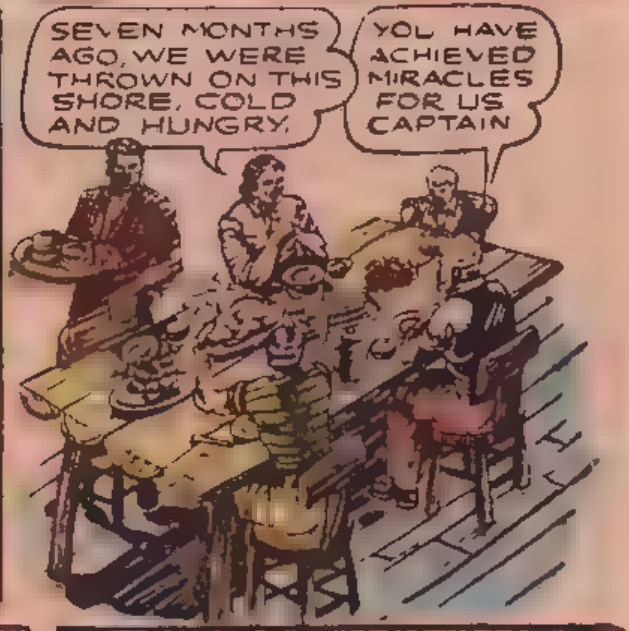
WE'RE COMING, PENCROFT!

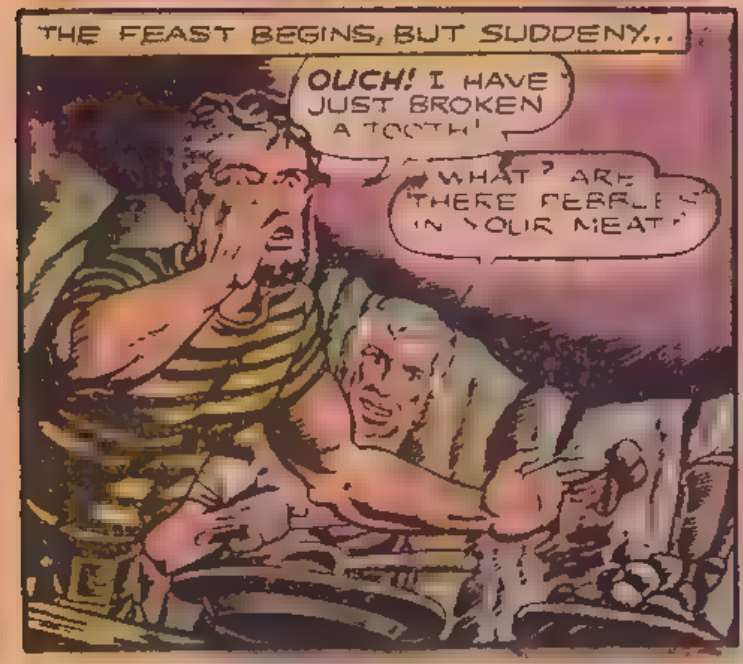
THE THIEF! HE STOLE MY PIG.
YOU CAN CATCH ANOTHER. THERE ARE PLENTY FOR ALL.


WHILE ICY WINDS HOWL, A CELEBRATION IS HELD..
WE'VE GOT A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

YES WELL SUP WELL TONIGHT, PENCROFT CAUGHT A PECCARY AFTER ALL!
HA! HE'S COOKING IT HIMSELF!


A YOUNG PECCARY IT WILL BE DELICIOUS!
YES IT CANT BE OVER THREE MONTHS OLD


SEVEN MONTHS AGO, WE WERE THROWN ON THIS SHORE, COLD AND HUNGRY.
YOU HAVE ACHIEVED MIRACLES FOR US CAPTAIN


THE FEAST BEGINS, BUT SUDDENY...
OUCH! I HAVE JUST BROKEN A TOOTH!
WHAT? ARE THERE PEBBLES IN YOUR MEAT?

A LEADEN BULLET! BUT HOW?.

ARE YOU SURE THE PECCARY WOUNDED BY THIS BULLET WAS NOT MORE THAN THREE MONTHS OLD?

NOT MORE, CAPTAIN. IT WAS STILL SUCKLING ITS MOTHER WHEN I KILLED IT.

WELL, THAT PROVES THAT WITHIN THREE MONTHS A GUNSHOT WAS FIRED ON LINCOLN ISLAND!

PERTURBED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE BULLET THE CASTAWAYS HOLD A COUNCIL OF WAR...

WE MUST ACT WITH CAUTION.

YES, I FEAR THAT MALAY PIRATES HAVE LANDED ON THE ISLAND.

LET US BUILD A CANOE IN WHICH TO EXPLORE. WE CAN SAIL 'ROUND THE ISLAND.

A CAPITAL IDEA THERE IS SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS ON THIS ISLAND AND WE MUST FIND IT!

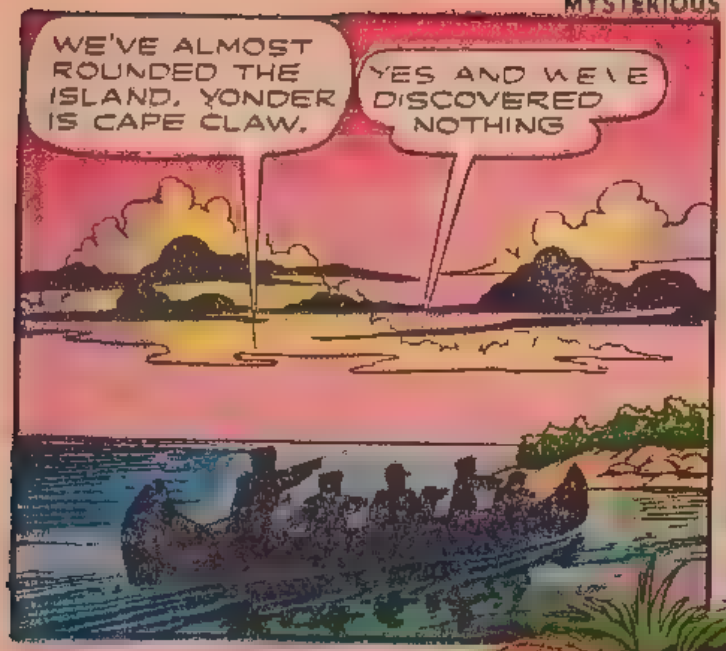
THE NEXT DAY..

SHE'LL SOON BE FINISHED.

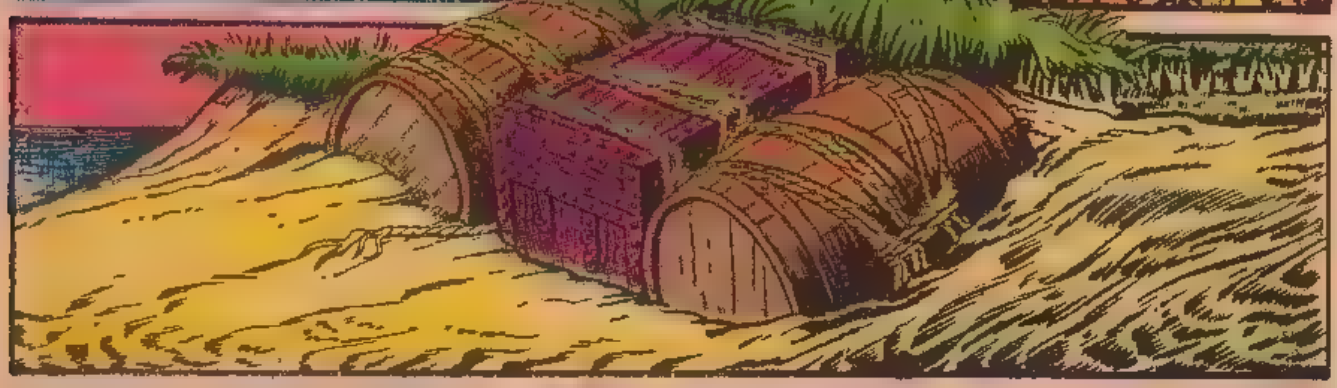
AND SOON...

YOUR BOAT LEAKS, PENCROFT.

THE WOOD WILL SOON GET SEASONED. IN TWO DAYS, THERE WON'T BE A SINGLE LEAK


WE'VE ALMOST ROUNDED THE ISLAND. YONDER IS CAPE CLAW.
YES AND WE'VE DISCOVERED NOTHING

THERE! WHAT DO I SEE ON THE BEACH?



THE CHEST IS FLOATED BACK TO GRANITE HOUSE..
LET US HURRY! PERHAPS THERE WILL BE EVEN TOBACCO IN THE CHEST!
CAN YOU RESTRAIN YOUR IMPATIENCE FOR ONE HOUR PENCROFT?

HEAVE SPILETT HEAVE!
IF PENCROFT FINDS TOBACCO, HE WILL DANCE A JIG!

AND SHORTLY..
SUPPOSE IT'S JAM?
I HOPE NOT... BUT DO HURRY, PENCROFT!

HOW WONDERFUL...IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME TOBACCO!

EVERYTHING I NEED FOR THE KITCHEN!

WEAPONS... TOOLS... CLOTHING... NAVIGATING INSTRUMENTS AND BOOKS. A REAL TREASURE CHEST...

AND HERE IS THE GREATEST TREASURE OF ALL!

OPEN IT AT RANDOM AND READ THE FIRST VERSE YOUR EYE FALLS UPON. WE WILL SEE IF IT APPLIES TO OUR SITUATION!

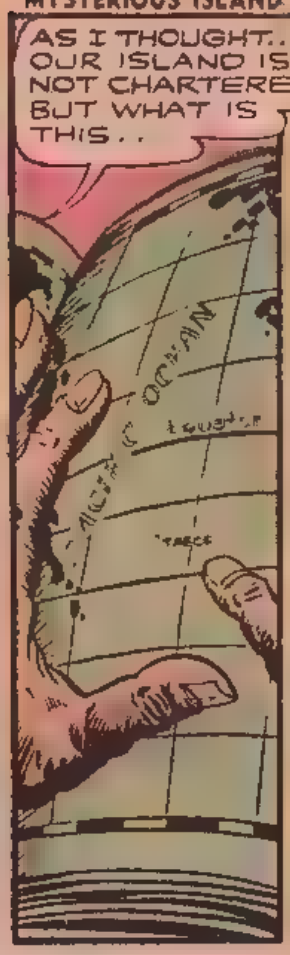
THE CAPTAIN DOES AS THE SAILOR ASKS, AND...

"FOR EVERYONE THAT ASKETH RECEIVETH; AND HE THAT SEEKETH FINDETH." SOMEONE MARKED IT FOR US TO SEE!

OUR MYSTERIOUS AND KINDLY FRIEND AGAIN.

YES.. THAT MARK WAS NO ACCIDENT!

WITH HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED INSTRUMENTS, THE CAPTAIN CHARTS THEIR POSITION...
LONGITUDE...150°-30'... IN SOUTH LATITUDE, 34°-57'. NOW TO CONSULT THE ATLAS AND..


AS I THOUGHT... OUR ISLAND IS NOT CHARTERED. BUT WHAT IS THIS..

AN ISLAND EXISTS IN THIS PART OF THE PACIFIC ALREADY. TABOR ISLAND!
TABOR ISLAND? AT WHAT DISTANCE FROM OUR OWN ISLAND?

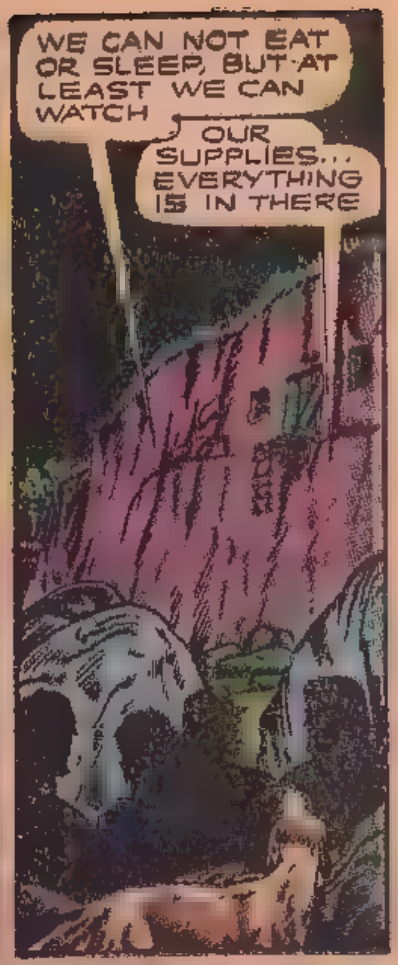
WE WILL BUILD A DECKED BOAT AND I WILL UNDERTAKE TO STEER HER. WHAT IS THAT ISLAND'S NAME AGAIN?
TABOR ISLAND. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES TO THE NORTHEAST!

A DOCKYARD IS PREPARED, AND THE BUILDING OF A BOAT BEGINS...
THIS FIR WILL MAKE SPLENDID PLANKS.
YES, WHEN SUMMER COMES, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SAIL TO TABOR ISLAND WE MAY FIND OTHER MEN THERE!

THE MONTHS PASS SWIFTLY... CORN AND WHEAT ARE PLANTED AND HARVESTED... THE INTERIOR OF GRANITE HOUSE IS IMPROVED... AND THE BUILDING OF THE BOAT PROGRESSES WELL. BUT ONE NIGHT, AS THE WEARY MEN RETURN FROM A SUCCESSFUL ROUNDUP OF WILD GOATS, THEY FIND THEIR HOME INVADED..

THE LADDER! SOMEONE IS PULLING IT UP!
BUT IT CAN'T BE! THERE IS NO ONE THERE
TAKE COVER AT ONCE!

HALLO-O-O...

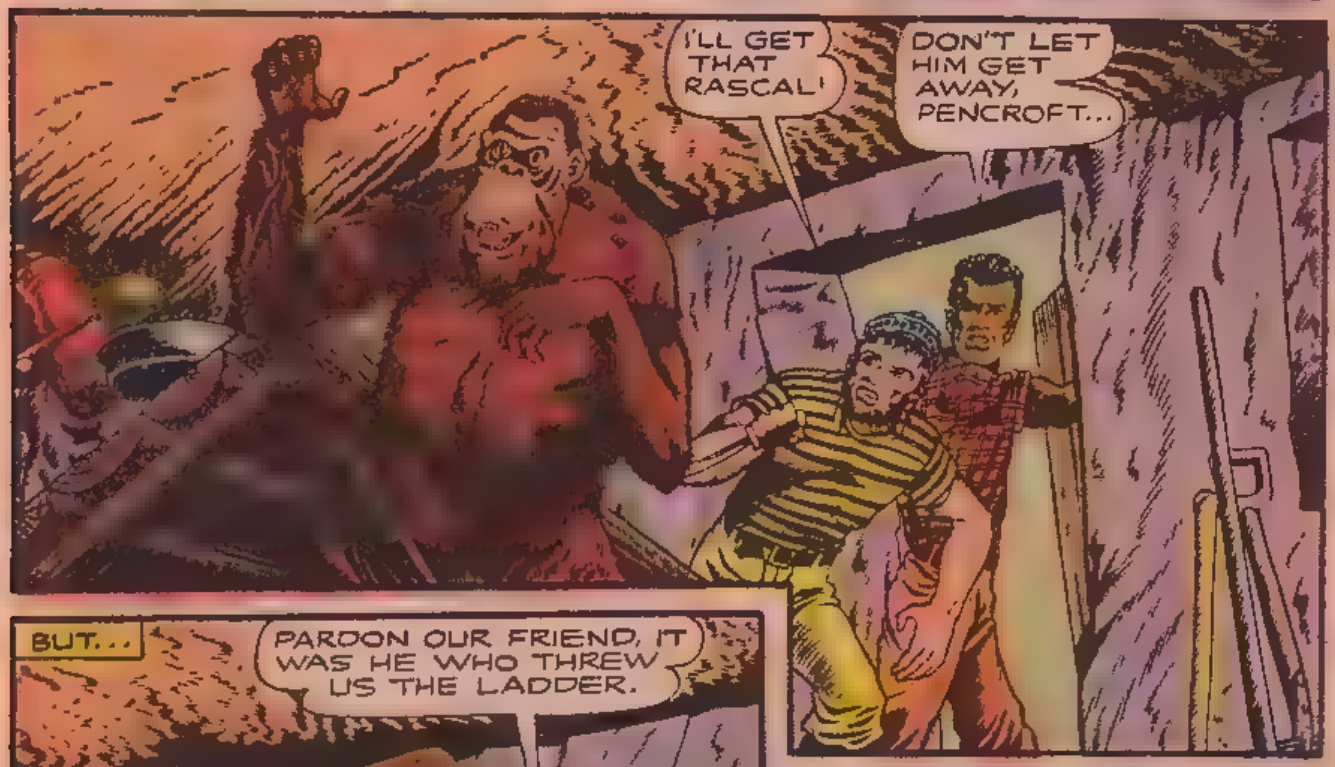

WE CAN NOT EAT OR SLEEP, BUT AT LEAST WE CAN WATCH
OUR SUPPLIES... EVERYTHING IS IN THERE

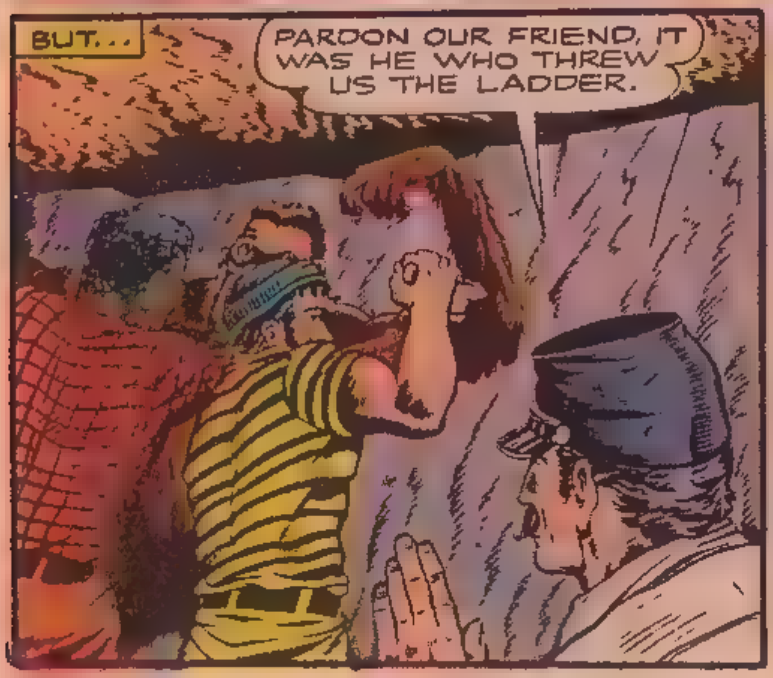
THERE FOLLOWS A SLEEPLESS VIGIL AND THE NEXT MORNING..
QUICK I SAW SOMETHING AT THE WINDOW!

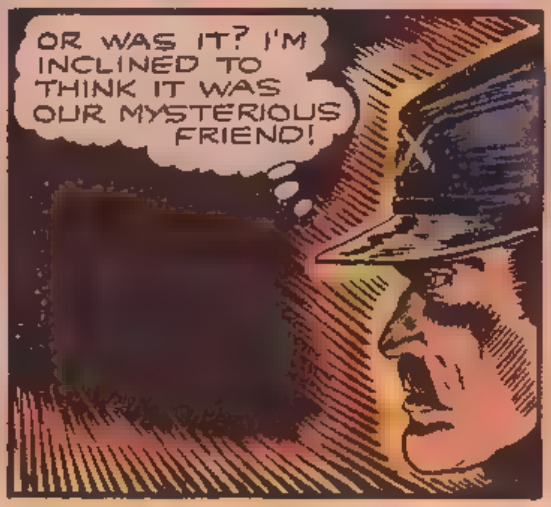
THERE YOU RASCAL!

BUT SUDDENLY...
SOMETHING HAS FRIGHTENED THEM!

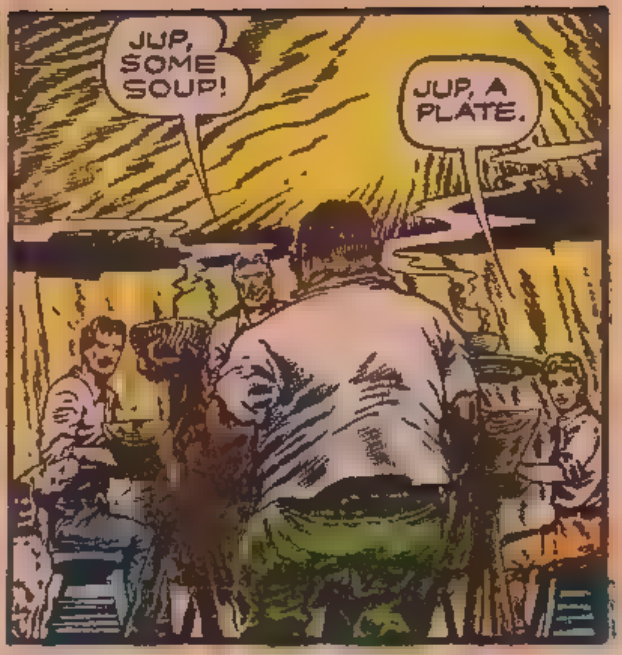
STRANGE!
WHO COULD HAVE THROWN DOWN THE LADDER?

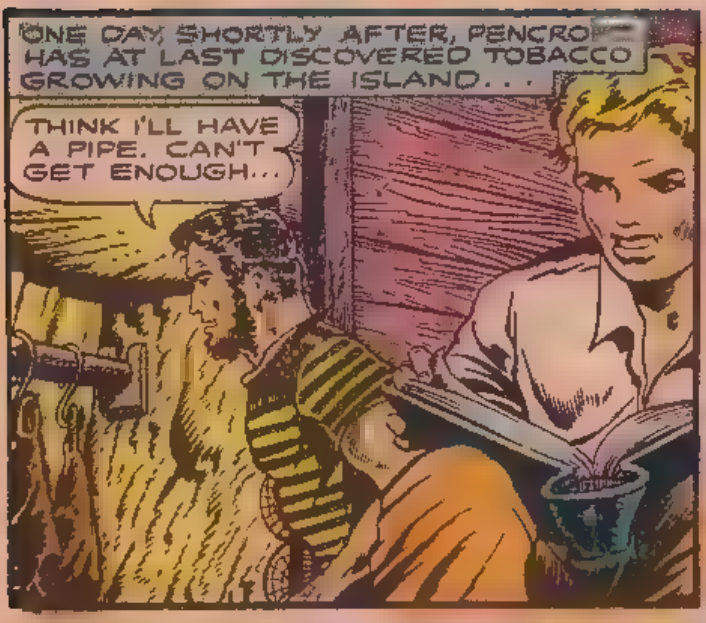

I'LL GET THAT RASCAL!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, PENCROFT...


BUT...
PARDON OUR FRIEND, IT WAS HE WHO THREW US THE LADDER.


OR WAS IT? I'M INCLINED TO THINK IT WAS OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND!

JUPITER, AS THE ORANG-OUTANG IS NAMED, LEARNED QUICKLY AND SOON BECAME A VALUABLE MEMBER OF THE LITTLE COLONY. . .
TAKE THE FOOD IN TO THE TABLE, JUP.

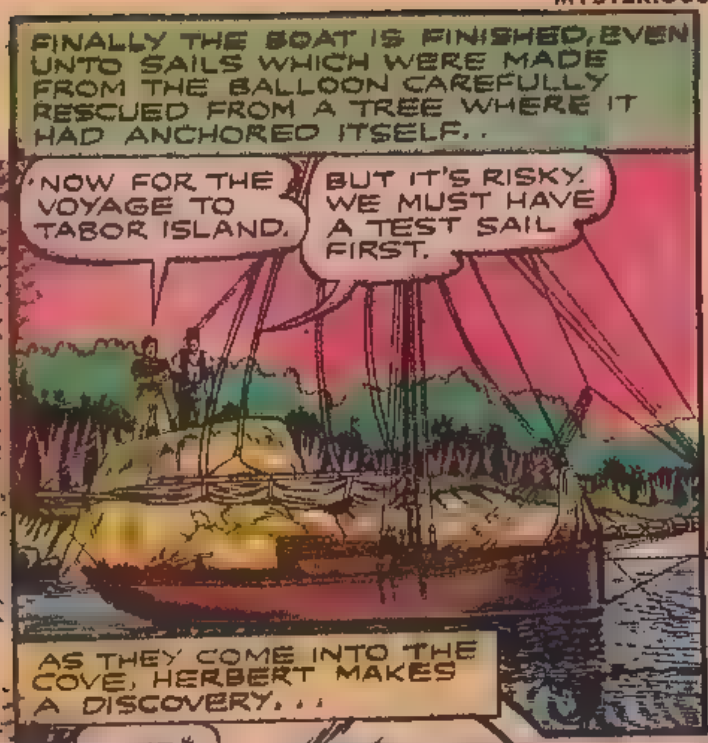

JUP, SOME SOUP!
JUP, A PLATE.

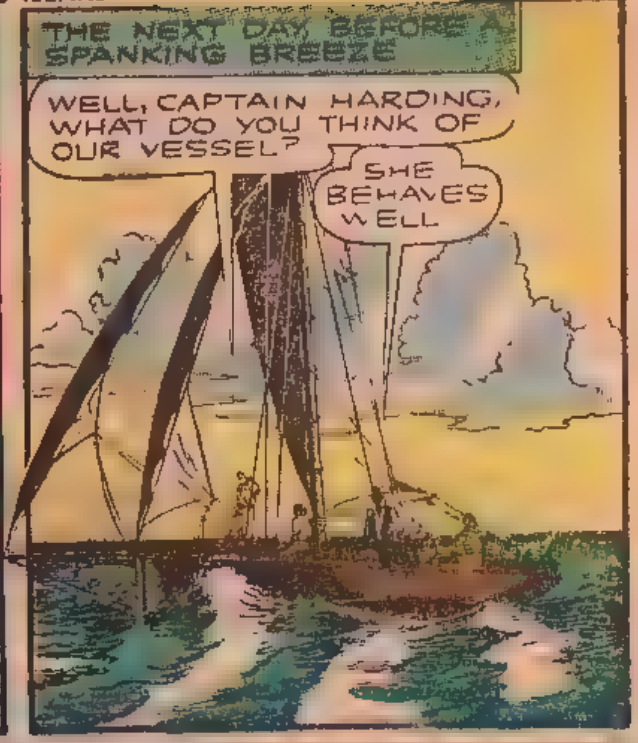

ONE DAY, SHORTLY AFTER, PENCRO HAS AT LAST DISCOVERED TOBACCO GROWING ON THE ISLAND. . .
THINK I'LL HAVE A PIPE. CAN'T GET ENOUGH...

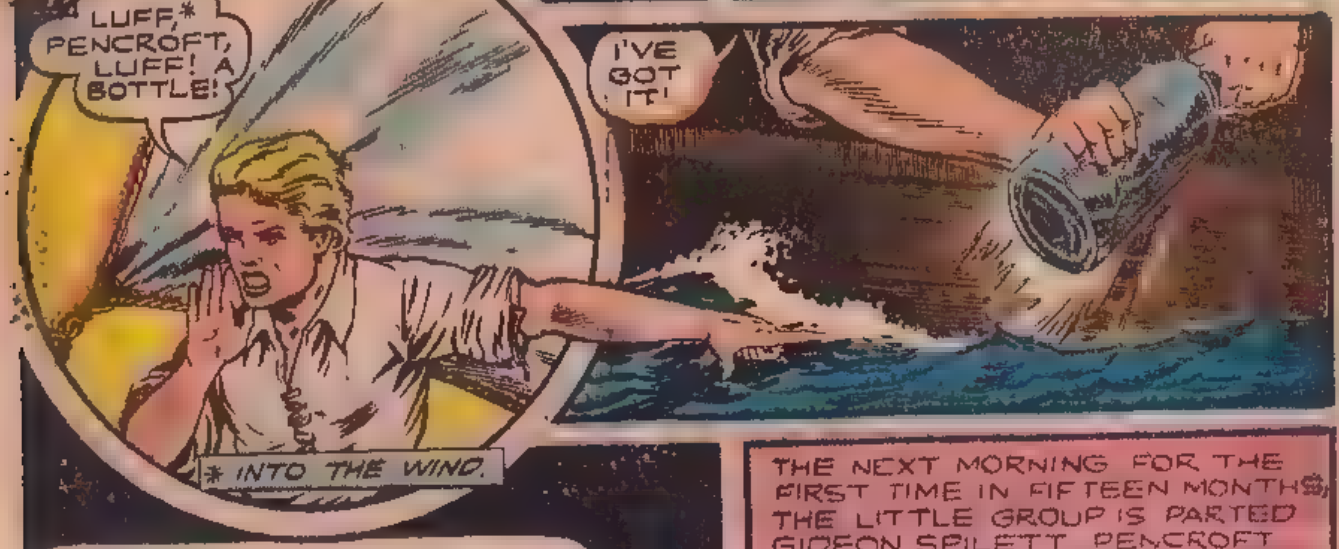
HEY! LOOK AT JUP!

HE'S GOT MY PIPE!

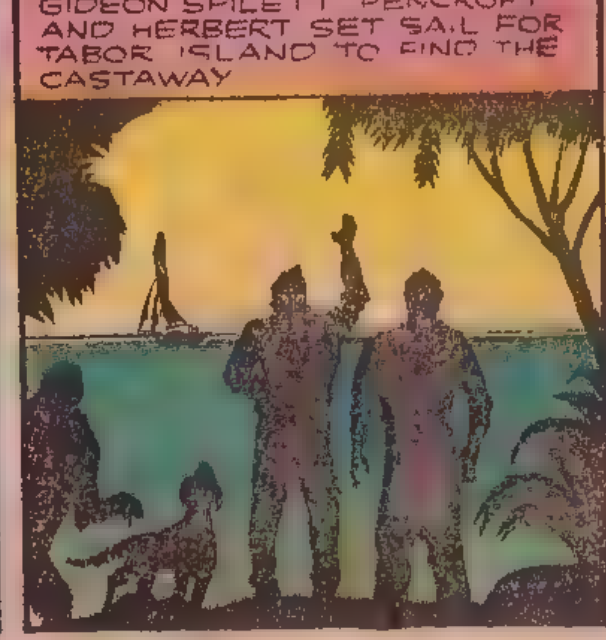
HERE, GOOD JUP. SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE. I WILL MAKE ANOTHER PIPE.


FINALLY THE BOAT IS FINISHED, EVEN UNTO SAILS WHICH WERE MADE FROM THE BALLOON CAREFULLY RESCUED FROM A TREE WHERE IT HAD ANCHORED ITSELF..
NOW FOR THE VOYAGE TO TABOR ISLAND.
BUT IT'S RISKY. WE MUST HAVE A TEST SAIL FIRST.

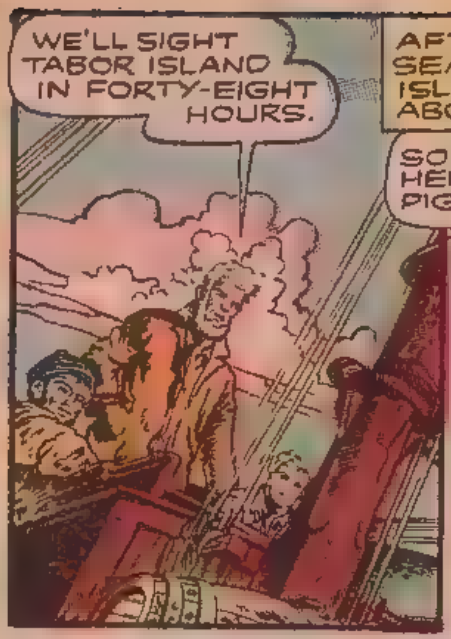

THE NEXT DAY, BEFORE A SPANKING BREEZE
WELL, CAPTAIN HARDING, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR VESSEL?
SHE BEHAVES WELL

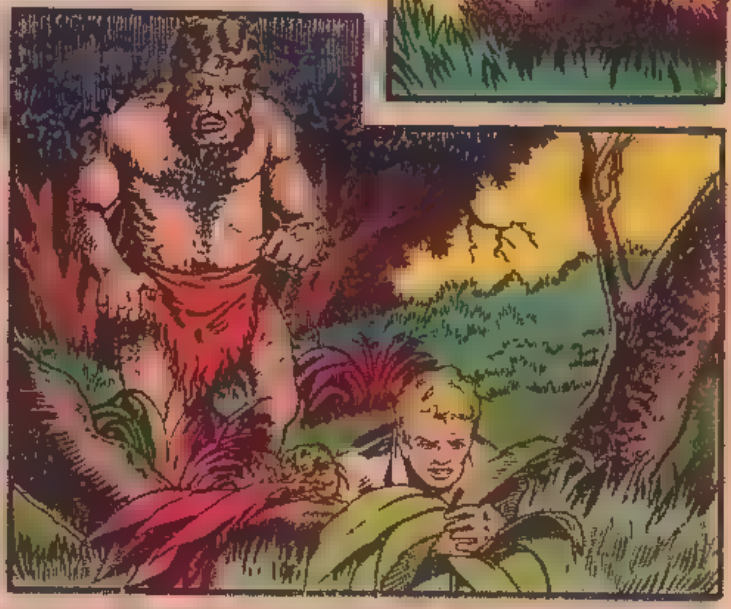

AS THEY COME INTO THE COVE, HERBERT MAKES A DISCOVERY...
LUFF,* PENCROFT, LUFF! A BOTTLE!
I'VE GOT IT!
* INTO THE WIND.

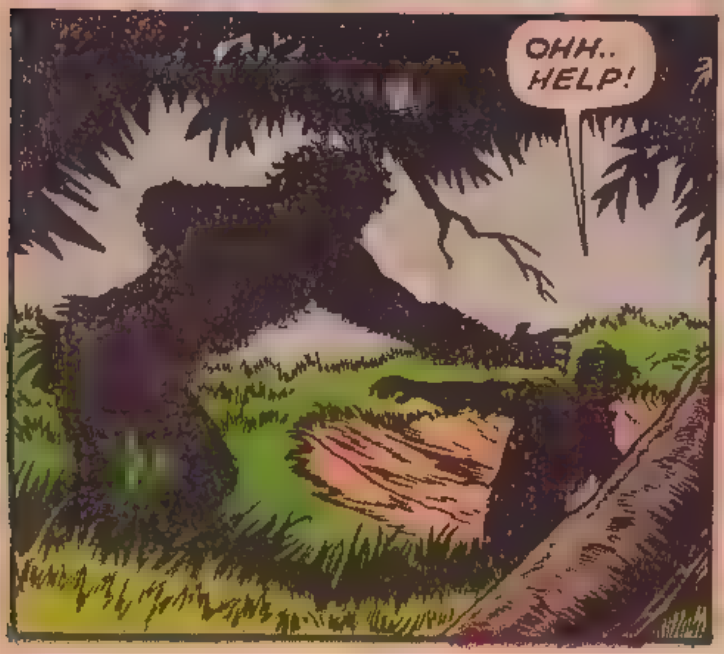
"CASTAWAY... TABOR ISLAND. 153° W. LON., 37° - 11' S. LAT."

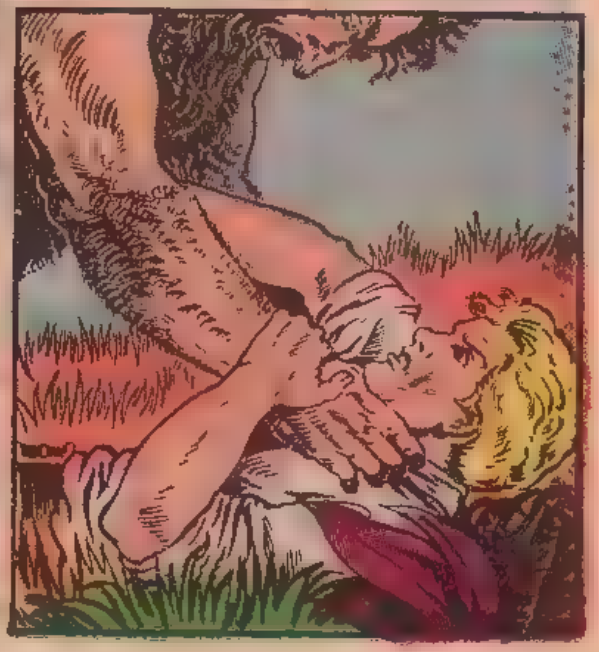

THE NEXT MORNING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIFTEEN MONTHS, THE LITTLE GROUP IS PARTED GIDEON SPILETT PENCROFT AND HERBERT SET SAIL FOR TABOR ISLAND TO FIND THE CASTAWAY

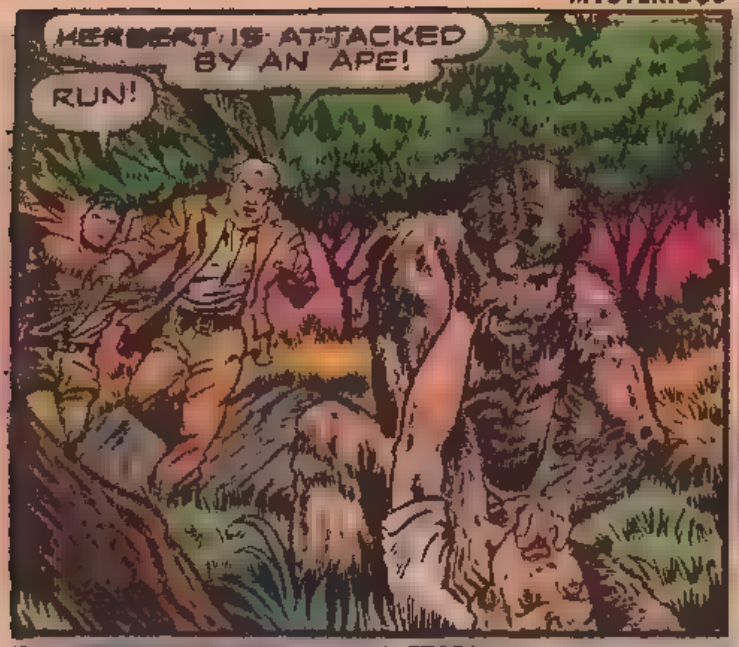
STRANGE ARE THE EVENTS THAT ADD UP.. 1- CAPTAIN HARDING FOUND A HALF MILE FROM SHORE DURING THE STORM...2- TOP SPARED FROM THE MONSTER...3- TOP BARKING AT THE UNSEEN,. 4- A BULLET IN THE WILD PIG.. 5- NO IDENTITY ON THE FOUND CHEST, BUT ALL THE THINGS IN IT THEY NEEDED 6- THE HAND THAT LOWERED THE LADDER AT GRANITE HOUSE... 7- THE BOTTLE SO CONVENIENTLY FLOATING IN THE COVE



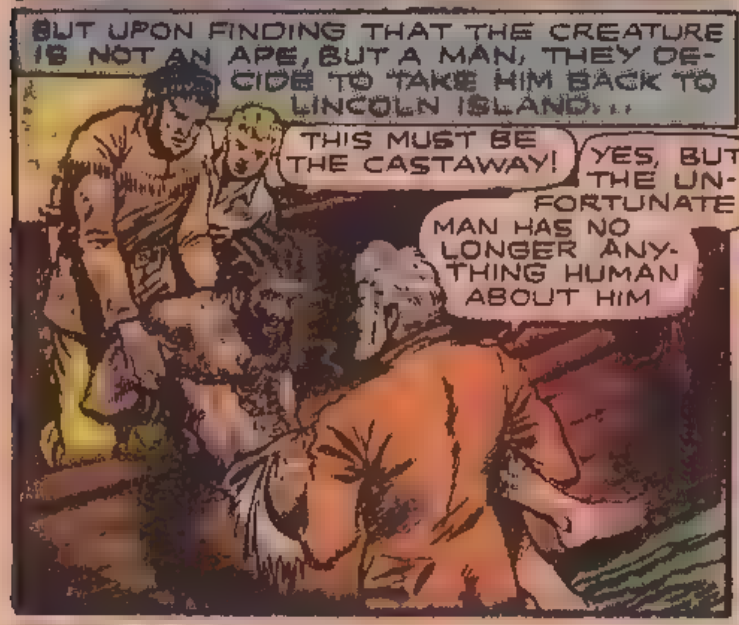


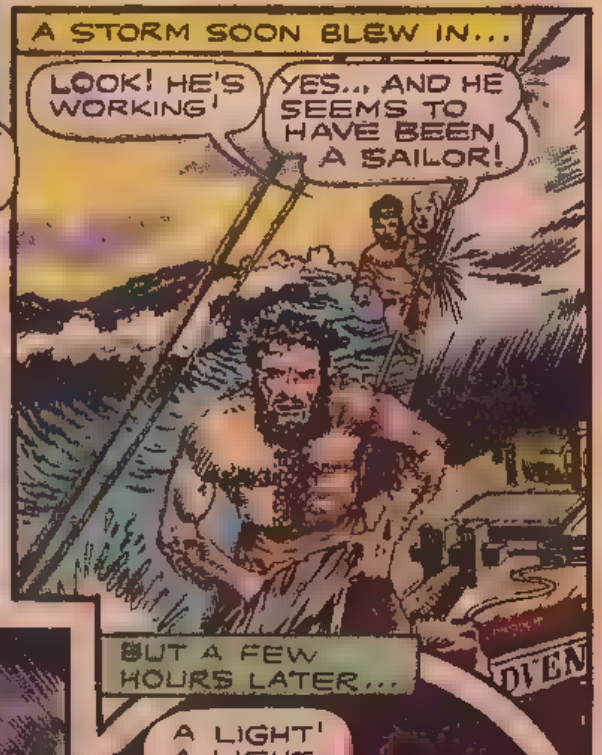





HERBERT IS ATTACKED BY AN APE!
RUN!

BIND HIM!

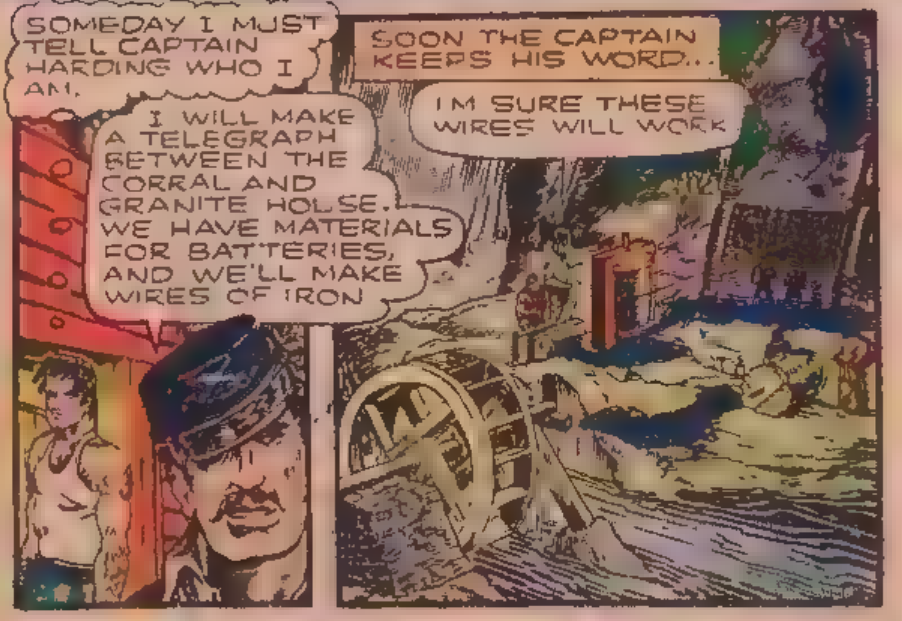

BUT UPON FINDING THAT THE CREATURE IS NOT AN APE, BUT A MAN, THEY DECIDE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO LINCOLN ISLAND...
THIS MUST BE THE CASTAWAY!
YES, BUT THE UNFORTUNATE MAN HAS NO LONGER ANYTHING HUMAN ABOUT HIM


A STORM SOON BLEW IN...
LOOK! HE'S WORKING!
YES... AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A SAILOR!
BUT A FEW HOURS LATER...
A LIGHT! A LIGHT..

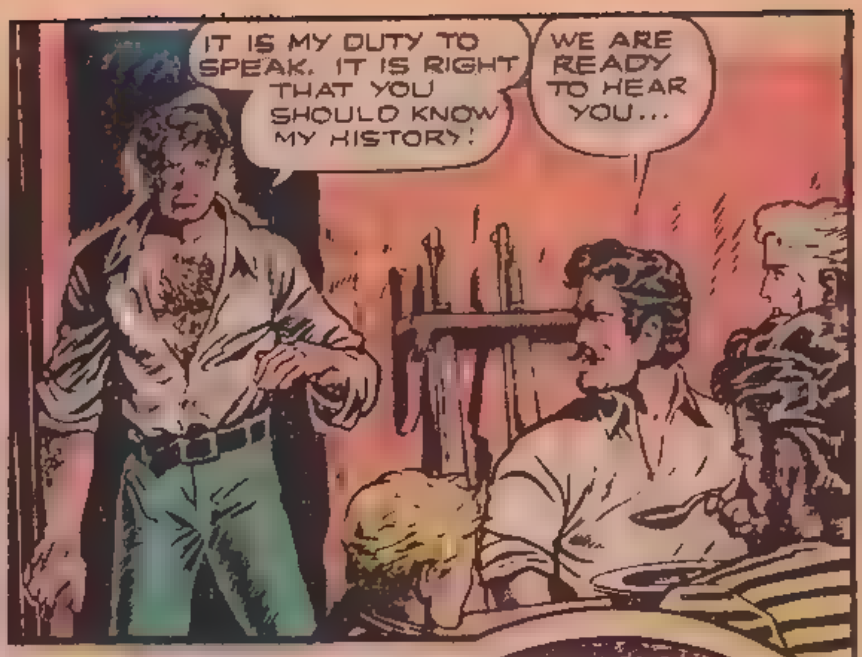
THE STORM GROWS IN FEROCITY...
I FEAR WE HAVE MISSED THE ISLAND IN THE DARK...
WE ARE LOST!

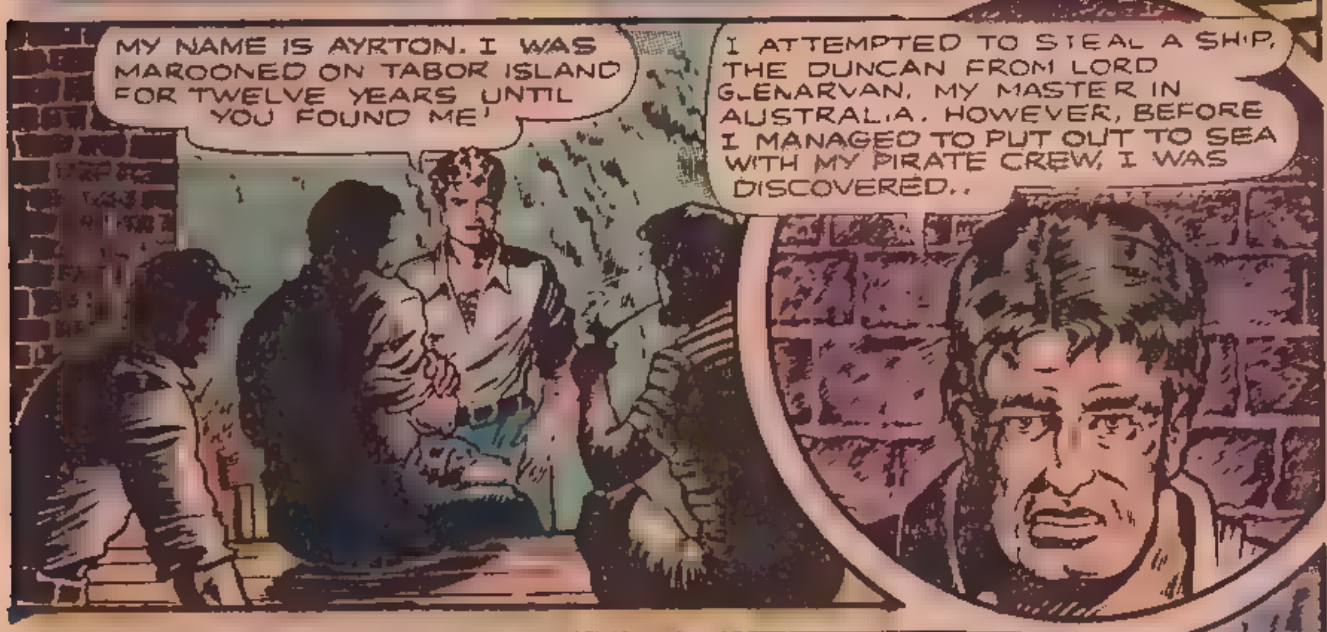
BUT THE LIGHT WASN'T HARDING'S WORK, IT WAS A LENDING HAND FROM THE MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR

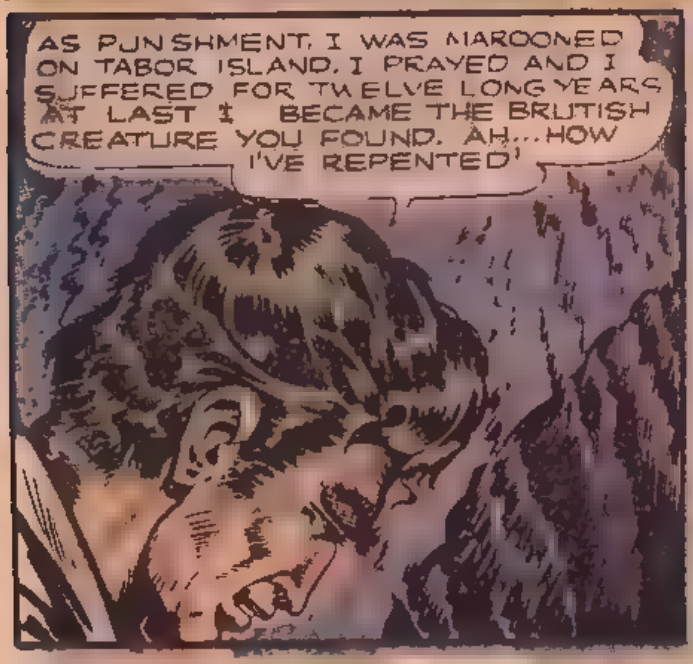
LATER AT GRANITE HOUSE, THE CASTAWAY FROM TABOR ISLAND IS CLEANLY SHAVED, LOANED CLOTHING AND GRANTED HIS REQUEST THAT HE MAY LIVE ASIDE FROM THE GROUP IN SOLITUDE. HE HAS ASSUMED THE WATCH OVER THEIR ANIMAL CORRAL, SPEAKS VERY SELDOM BUT IN HIS RESERVE WAY IS HELPFUL AND NOT UNFRIENDLY



ONE NIGHT, THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF GRANITE HOUSE...


IT IS MY DUTY TO SPEAK. IT IS RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW MY HISTORY!
WE ARE READY TO HEAR YOU...


MY NAME IS AYRTON. I WAS MAROONED ON TABOR ISLAND FOR TWELVE YEARS UNTIL YOU FOUND ME!
I ATTEMPTED TO STEAL A SHIP, THE DUNCAN FROM LORD GLENARVAN, MY MASTER IN AUSTRALIA. HOWEVER, BEFORE I MANAGED TO PUT OUT TO SEA WITH MY PIRATE CREW, I WAS DISCOVERED..


AS PUNISHMENT, I WAS MAROONED ON TABOR ISLAND. I PRAYED AND I SUFFERED FOR TWELVE LONG YEARS AT LAST I BECAME THE BRUTISH CREATURE YOU FOUND. AH... HOW I'VE REPENTED!

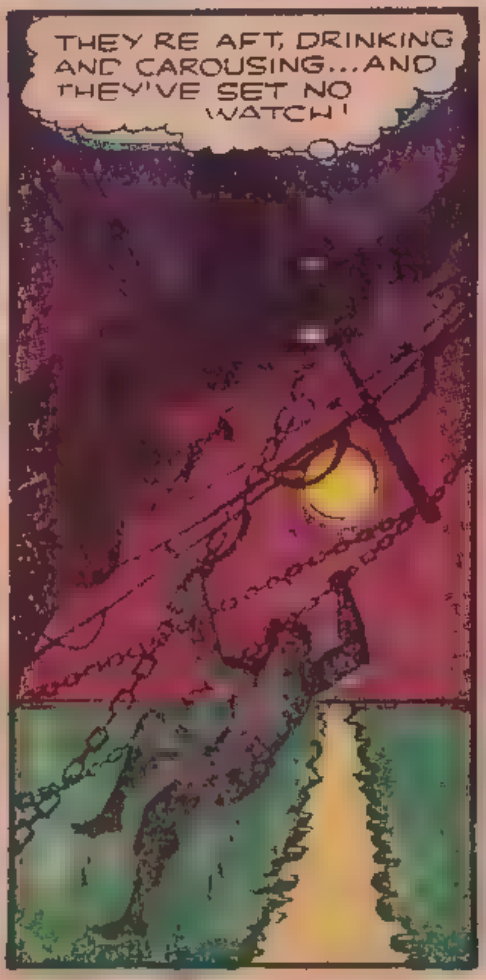
AYRTON YOU ARE FORGIVEN. WILL YOU LIVE WITH US?

THE MONTHS WITHER AWAY... TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE BALLOON DROPPED THEM ON THE ISLAND... BUT ONE DAY...
CAPTAIN! PENCROFT! COME QUICKLY..
I HAD HOPED IT MIGHT BE THE DUNCAN, COME BACK FOR AYRTON... AND ALL OF US
BUT THERE IS NO SMOKE. THE DUNCAN IS A STEAM YACHT!
IT IS NOT THE DUNCAN, AND THE BLACK FLAG MEANS... A PIRATE!
IF THOSE WRETCHES TRY TO SEIZE LINCOLN ISLAND, WE SHALL DEFEND IT!
YES... OR WE WILL DIE
THE FRONT OF GRANITE HOUSE IS CONCEALED.
WE ARE IN FOR TROUBLE. THE BRIG IS GOING TO ANCHOR IN THE BAY!

PENCROFT AND AYRTON ON A SCOUTING EXPEDITION, CROSS THE CHANNEL TO SAFETY ISLE
WE CAN HIDE AMONG THE ROCKS AND SEE WITHOUT BEING SEEN.
BUT I HAVE A BETTER PLAN ..

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I WILL SWIM OUT TO THE BRIG AND FIND OUT THE STRENGTH OF HER CREW.

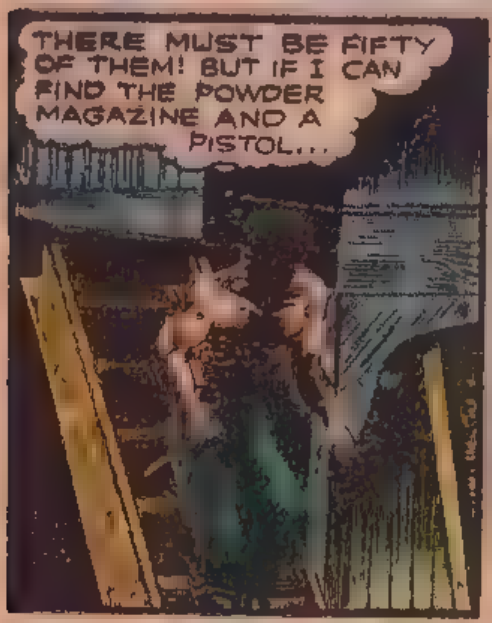
GOOD LUCK

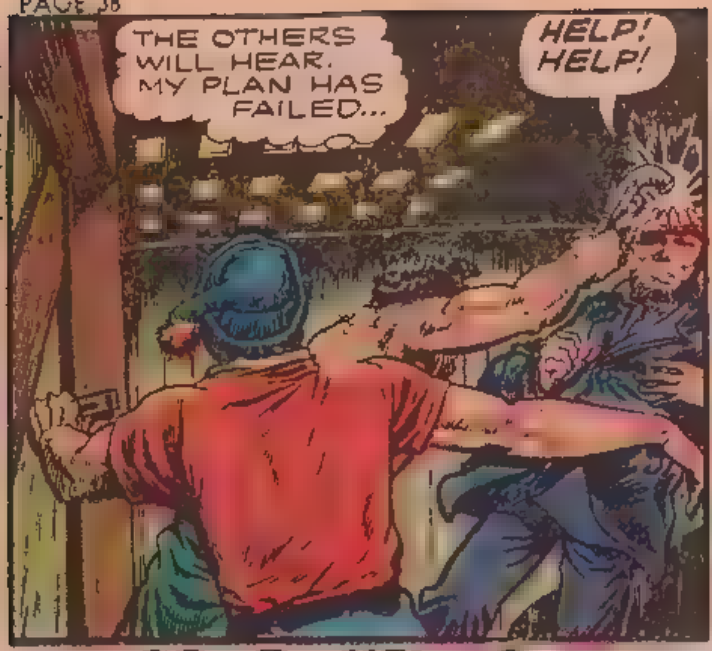

THEY RE AFT, DRINKING AND CAROUSING...AND THEY'VE SET NO WATCH!

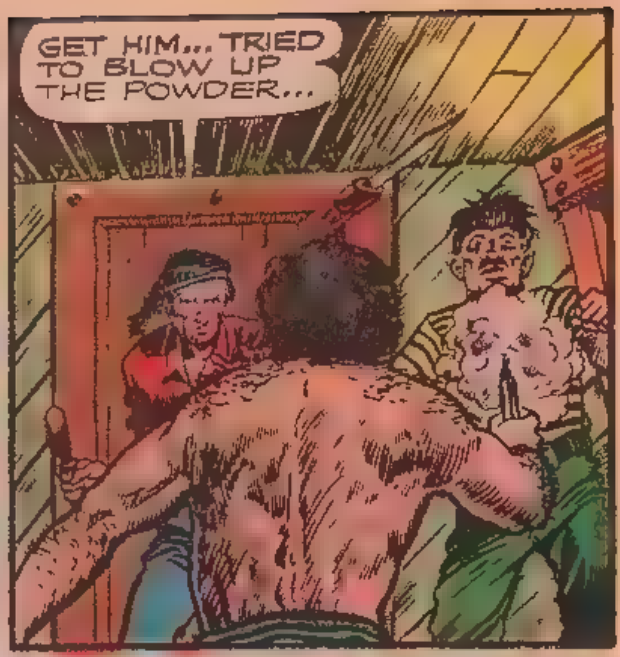
BOB HARVEY! HE AND THOSE OTHER CONVICTS MUST HAVE ESCAPED AND SEIZED THIS SHIP AT NORFOLK ISLAND!

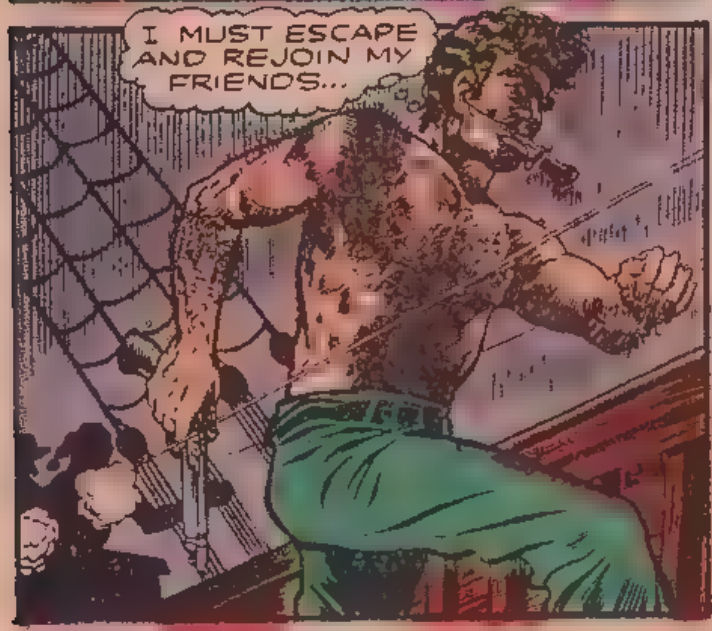
AND BOB HARVEY, WHOM AYRTON HAD KNOWN YEARS BEFORE, DURING HIS OWN CRIMINAL CAREER, HAS DESIGNS ON THE ISLAND. . .

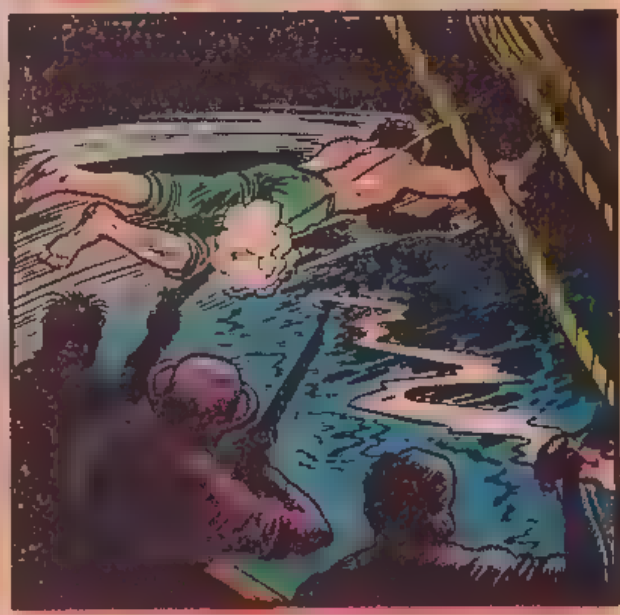
WE'LL MAKE THIS ISLAND OUR HEADQUARTERS! THE LAW WILL NEVER FIND US...



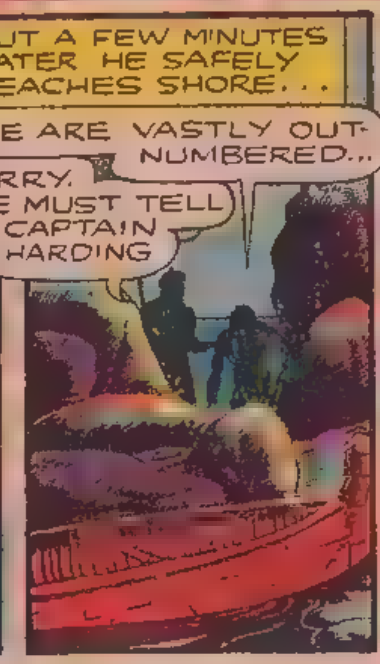

THE OTHERS WILL HEAR. MY PLAN HAS FAILED...
HELP! HELP!

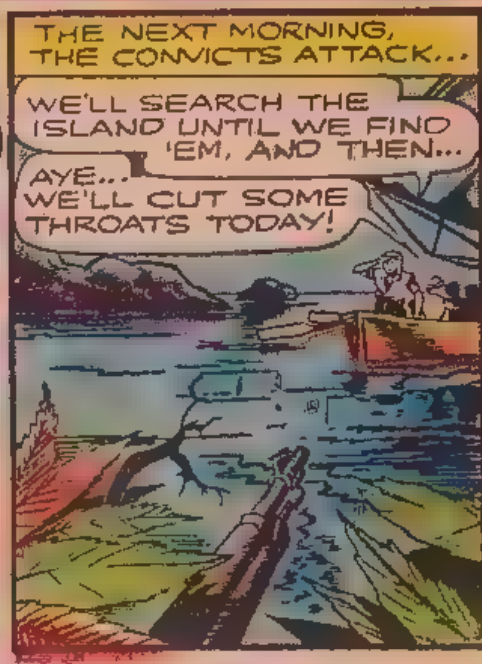

GET HIM... TRIED TO BLOW UP THE POWDER...


I MUST ESCAPE AND REJOIN MY FRIENDS...



BULLETS POCK THE WATER ABOUT THE FLEEING MAN.


BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER HE SAFELY REACHES SHORE...
WE ARE VASTLY OUT-NUMBERED...
HURRY. WE MUST TELL CAPTAIN HARDING


THE NEXT MORNING, THE CONVICTS ATTACK...
WE'LL SEARCH THE ISLAND UNTIL WE FIND 'EM, AND THEN...
AYE... WE'LL CUT SOME THROATS TODAY!

THE BRIG APPROACHES GRANITE HOUSE, AND THEN SUDDENLY. . .

THE BRIG... BLOWN UP!

HEAD FOR SHORE... WE'LL HIDE IN THE FOREST.

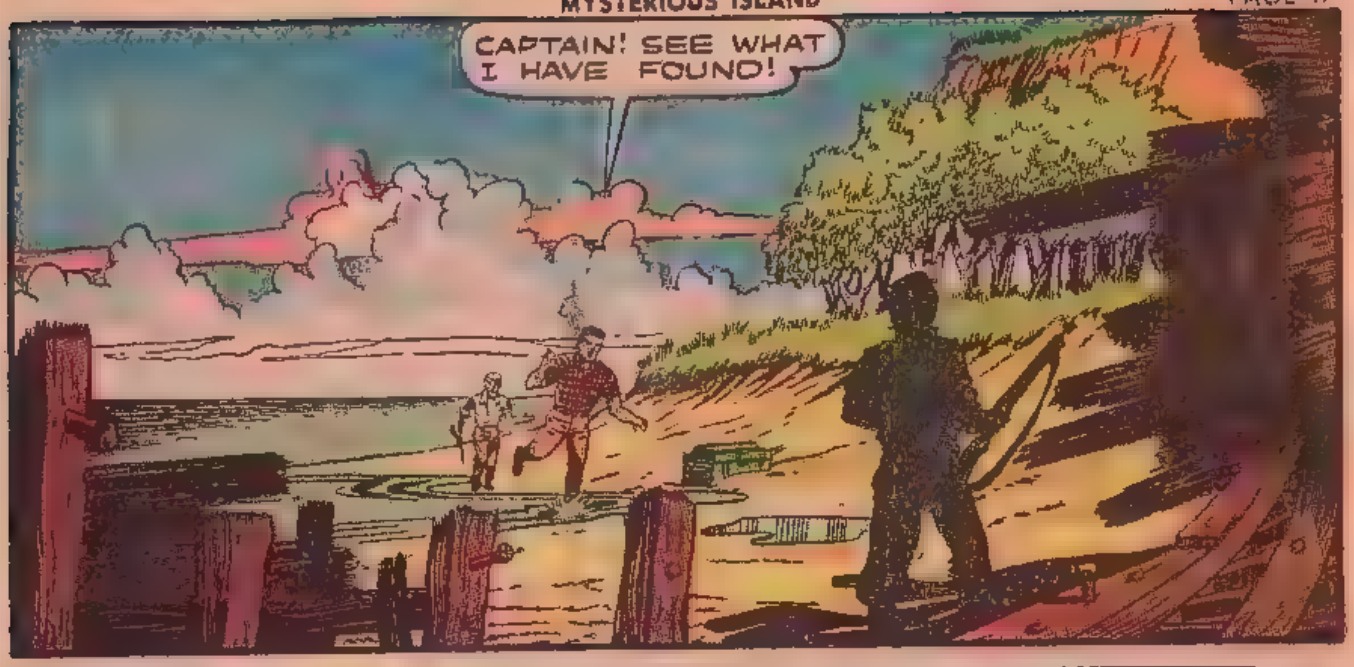
WE'LL HIDE AND WAIT OUR CHANCE FOR REVENGE!

ALL LOST BUT SIX OF US.

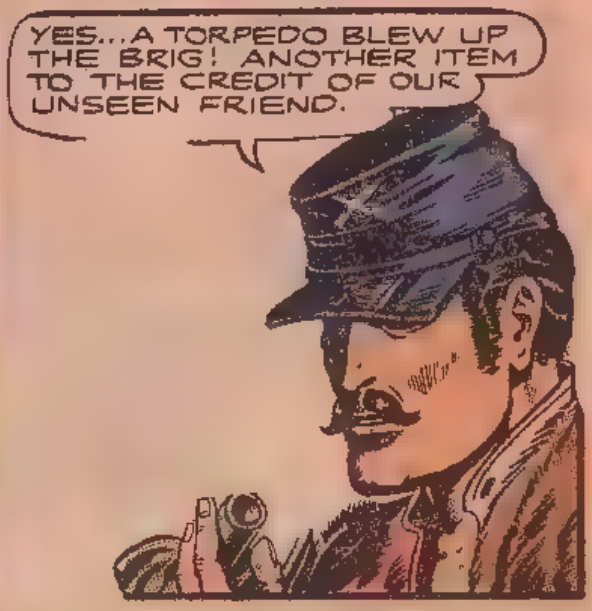
MEANWHILE, ON THE BEACH...

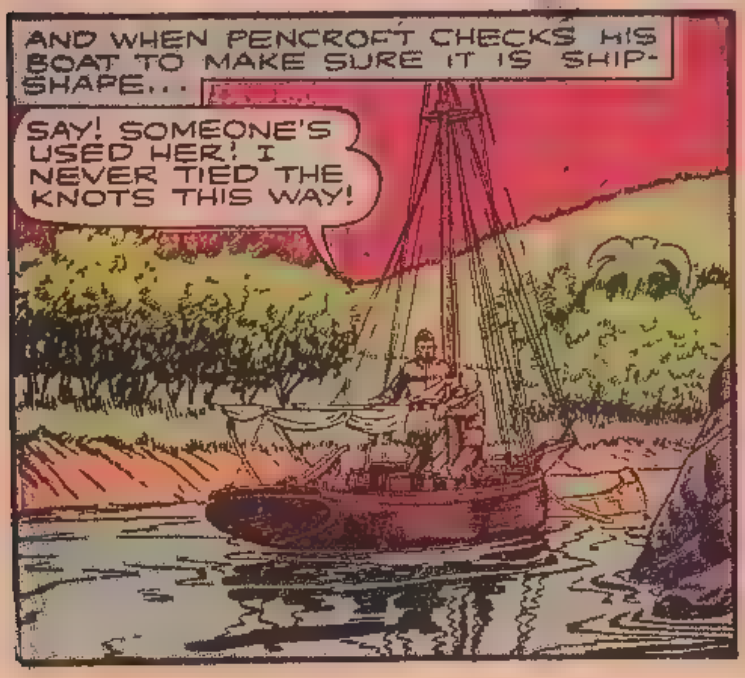
WHAT ABOUT THOSE SIX CONVICTS WHO ESCAPED?

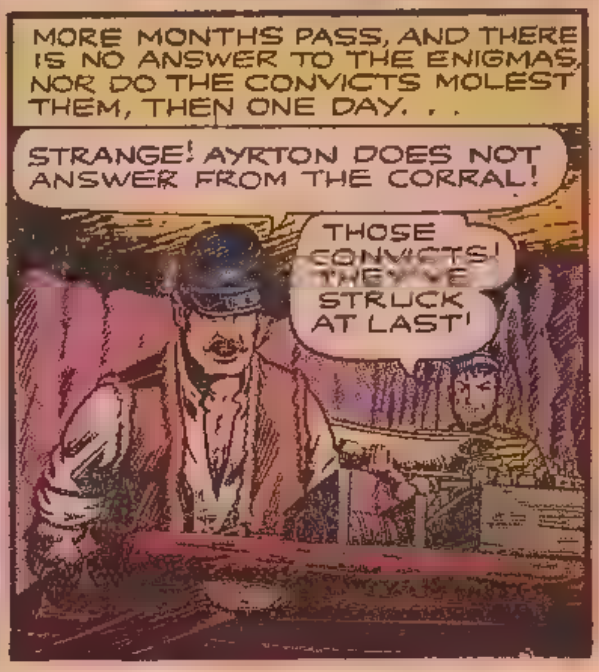
WE WILL DEAL WITH THEM LATER. BUT NOW LET US EXAMINE THIS NEW MYSTERY!


CAPTAIN! SEE WHAT I HAVE FOUND!

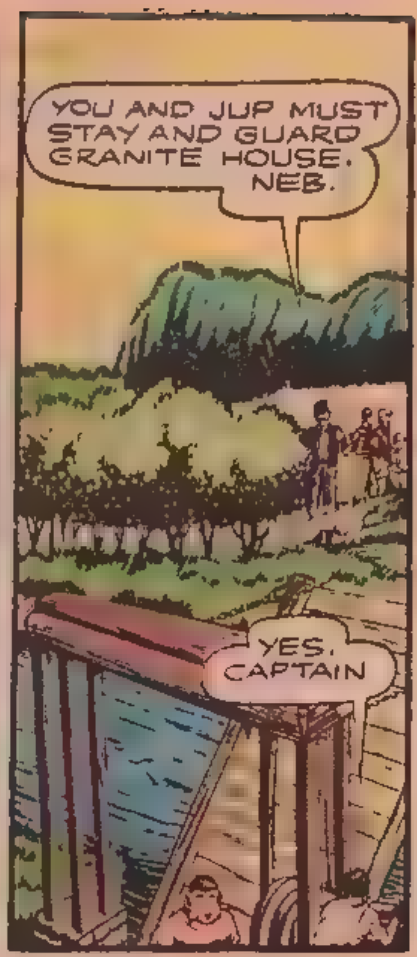
A TORPEDO!
OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND HAS BEEN AT WORK AGAIN!


YES...A TORPEDO BLEW UP THE BRIG! ANOTHER ITEM TO THE CREDIT OF OUR UNSEEN FRIEND.


AND WHEN PENCROFT CHECKS HIS BOAT TO MAKE SURE IT IS SHIP-SHAPE...
SAY! SOMEONE'S USED HER! I NEVER TIED THE KNOTS THIS WAY!


MORE MONTHS PASS, AND THERE IS NO ANSWER TO THE ENIGMAS, NOR DO THE CONVICTS MOLEST THEM, THEN ONE DAY. . .
STRANGE! AYRTON DOES NOT ANSWER FROM THE CORRAL!
THOSE CONVICTS! THEY'VE STRUCK AT LAST!

OFF TO THE CORRAL
AND WELL ARMED WE'LL LAY THOSE CONVICTS BY THE HEELS


YOU AND JUP MUST STAY AND GUARD GRANITE HOUSE, NEB.
YES, CAPTAIN

AN HOUR LATER...
NO SIGN OF OUR FRIEND, AYRTON.
TOP IS BARKING IN A STRANGE MANNER... HE SMELLS SOMETHING

LOOK OUT! A CONVICT!
OHHH...

HERBERT, BADLY WOUNDED, IS PLACED ON A LITTER...
WE MUST HURRY BACK TO GRANITE HOUSE. HE IS SERIOUSLY HURT!
THE VILLAINS! I'LL HUNT THEM DOWN, EVERY ONE!

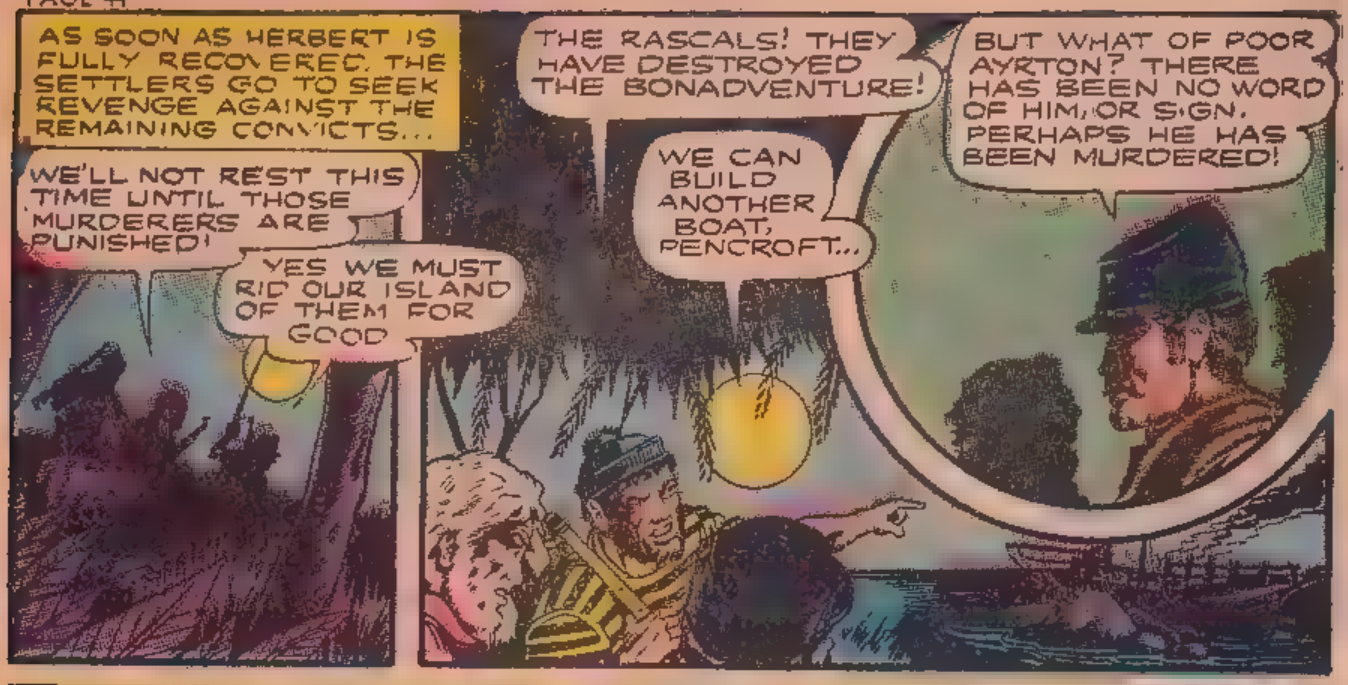
POOR JUP. HE IS MOURNING...
NEVER FEAR. HERBERT WILL RE-COVER. ONLY HURRY!

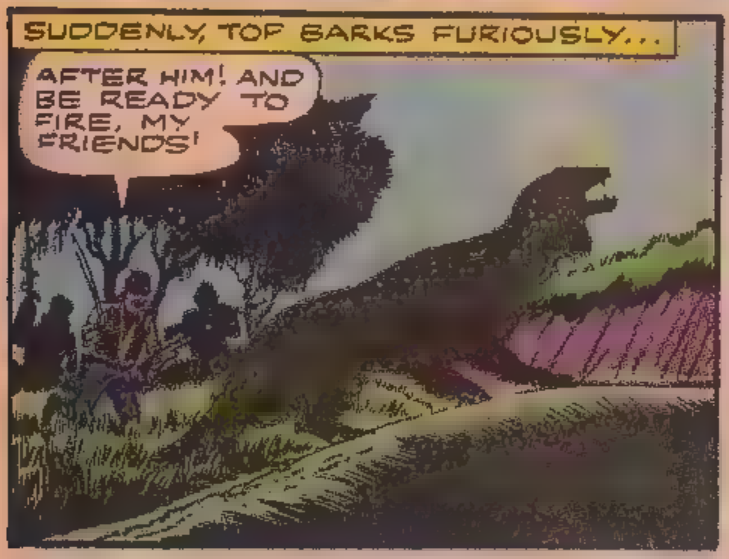
BUT THE DAYS PASS, AND HERBERT FALLS INTO A RAVING DELIRIUM...
IF ONLY WE HAD SOME SULPHATE OF QUININE!

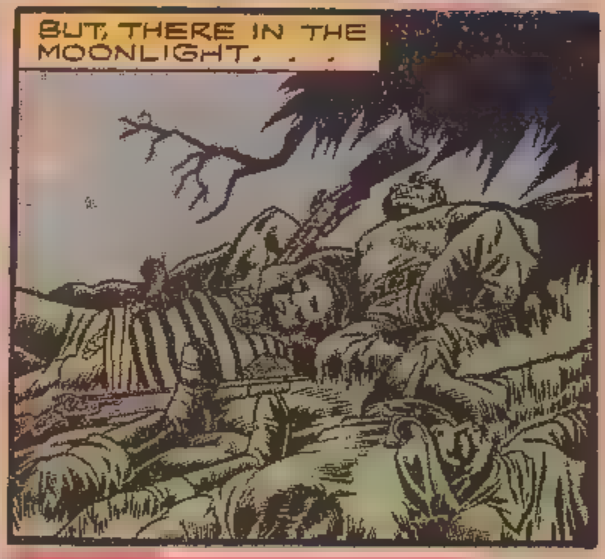
HE CANNOT LAST ANOTHER DAY! WE HAVE TRIED WILLOW BARK, EVERYTHING... IF ONLY THERE WAS QUININE...

WHY DOES TOP BARK?.. THERE IS NO ONE HERE BUT US!
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING, CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN! THAT BOX! IT WAS NOT THERE A MOMENT AGO!
SULPHATE OF QUININE! OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND AGAIN! HERBERT IS SAVED!

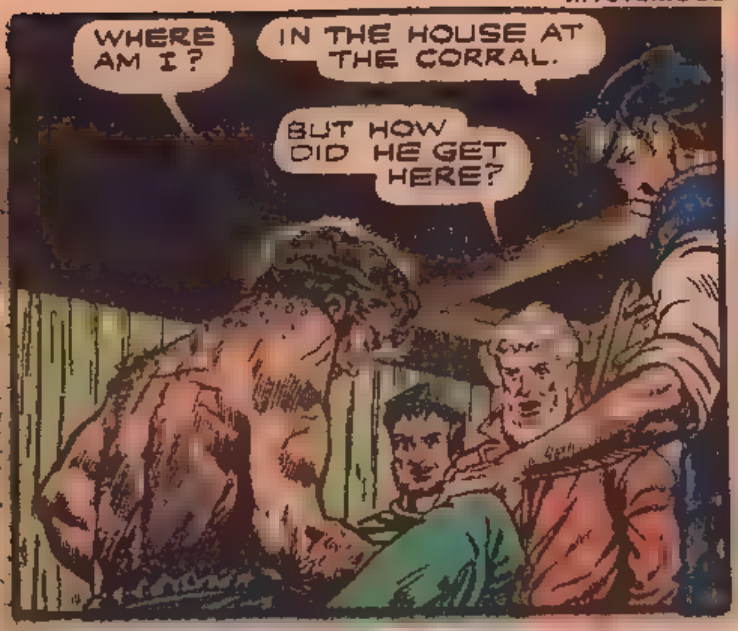

AS SOON AS HERBERT IS FULLY RECOVERED, THE SETTLERS GO TO SEEK REVENGE AGAINST THE REMAINING CONVICTS...
WE'LL NOT REST THIS TIME UNTIL THOSE MURDERERS ARE PUNISHED!
YES WE MUST RID OUR ISLAND OF THEM FOR GOOD
THE RASCALS! THEY HAVE DESTROYED THE BONADVENTURE!
WE CAN BUILD ANOTHER BOAT, PENCROFT...
BUT WHAT OF POOR AYRTON? THERE HAS BEEN NO WORD OF HIM, OR SIGN. PERHAPS HE HAS BEEN MURDERED!

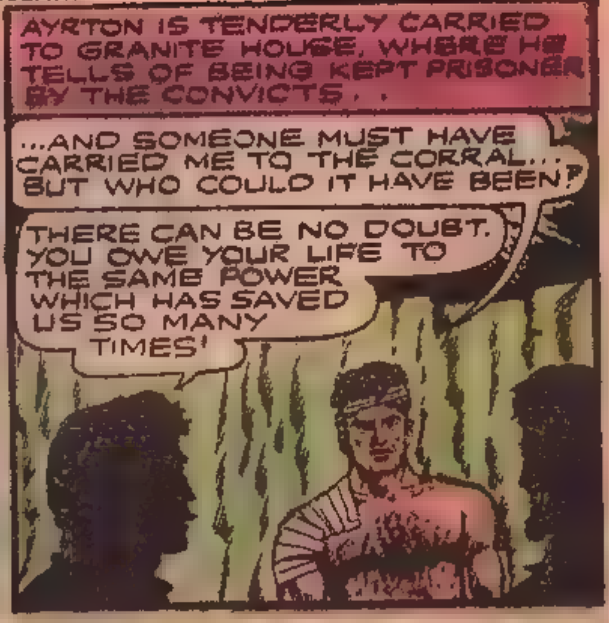

SUDDENLY, TOP BARKS FURIOUSLY...
AFTER HIM! AND BE READY TO FIRE, MY FRIENDS!

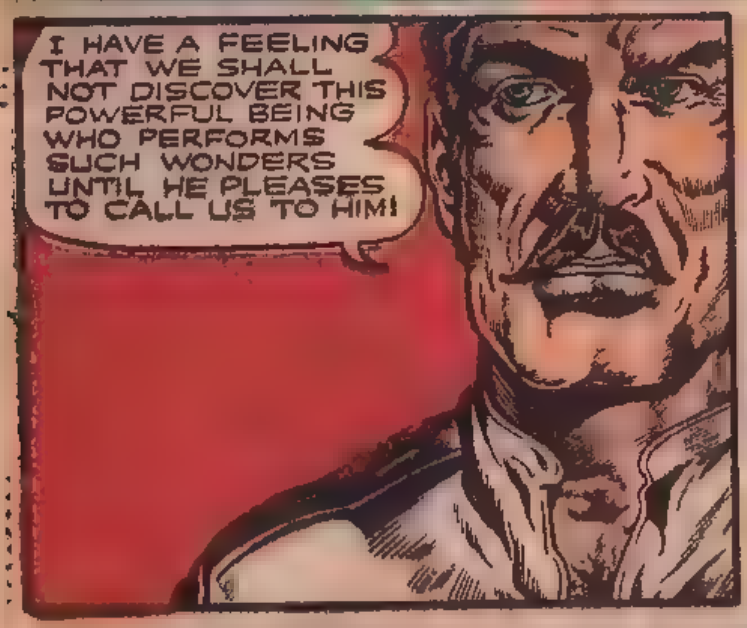

BUT, THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT. . .

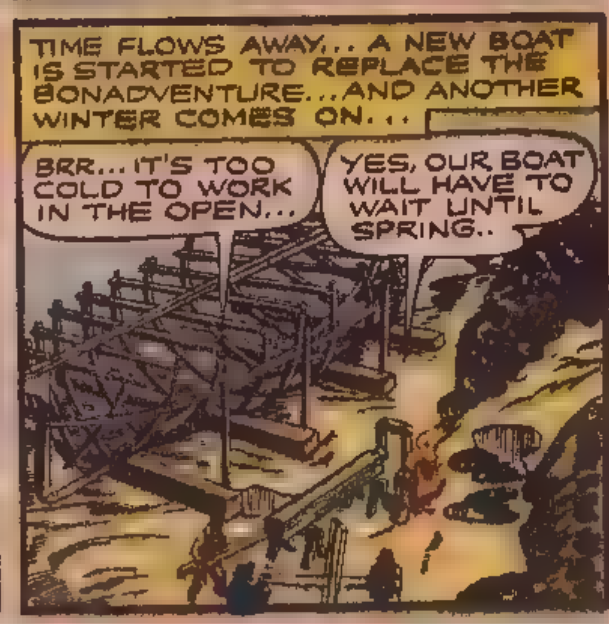
THEY ARE DEAD! BUT ONLY A SMALL RED MARK ON EACH! I WONDER

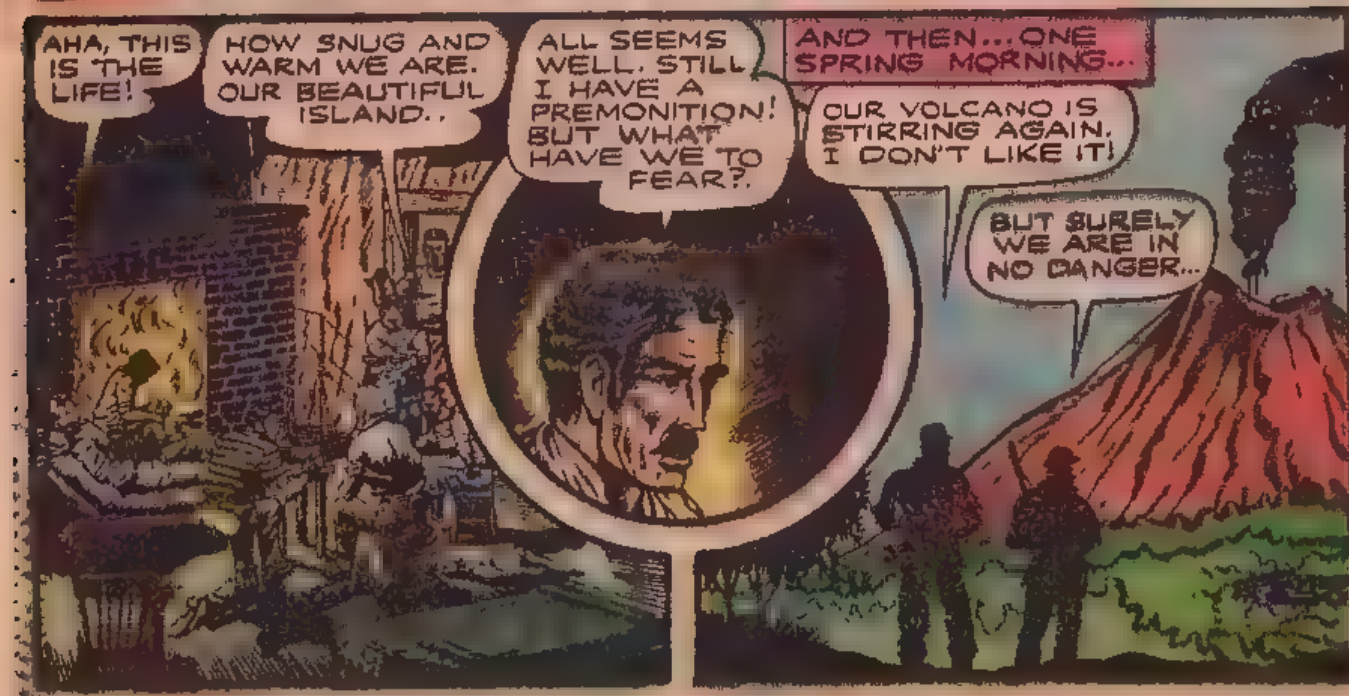
AND WHEN THEY REACH THE CORRAL...
IT'S AYRTON! HE'S COME BACK!

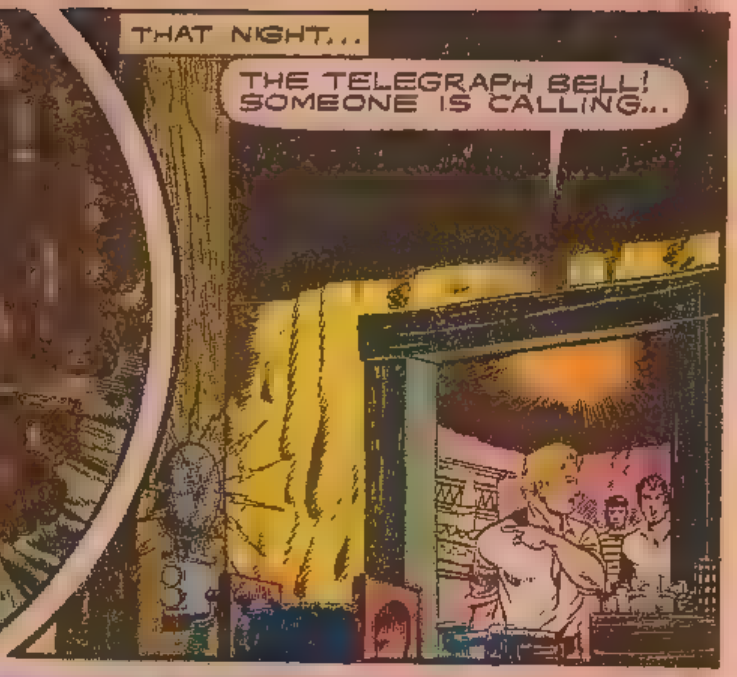

WHERE AM I?
IN THE HOUSE AT THE CORRAL.
BUT HOW DID HE GET HERE?


AYRTON IS TENDERLY CARRIED TO GRANITE HOUSE, WHERE HE TELLS OF BEING KEPT PRISONER BY THE CONVICTS . .
...AND SOMEONE MUST HAVE CARRIED ME TO THE CORRAL... BUT WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN?
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT. YOU OWE YOUR LIFE TO THE SAME POWER WHICH HAS SAVED US SO MANY TIMES!


I HAVE A FEELING THAT WE SHALL NOT DISCOVER THIS POWERFUL BEING WHO PERFORMS SUCH WONDERS UNTIL HE PLEASES TO CALL US TO HIM!


TIME FLOWS AWAY... A NEW BOAT IS STARTED TO REPLACE THE BONADVENTURE...AND ANOTHER WINTER COMES ON...
BRR... IT'S TOO COLD TO WORK IN THE OPEN...
YES, OUR BOAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL SPRING..

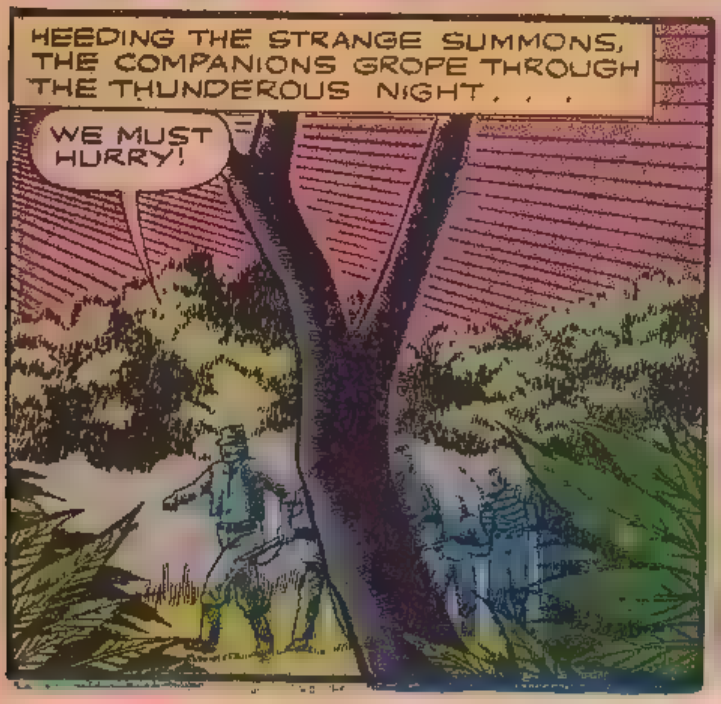

AHA, THIS IS THE LIFE!
HOW SNUG AND WARM WE ARE. OUR BEAUTIFUL ISLAND..
ALL SEEMS WELL. STILL I HAVE A PREMONITION! BUT WHAT HAVE WE TO FEAR?.
AND THEN...ONE SPRING MORNING...
OUR VOLCANO IS STIRRING AGAIN. I DON'T LIKE IT!
BUT SURELY WE ARE IN NO DANGER...


THAT NIGHT...
THE TELEGRAPH BELL! SOMEONE IS CALLING...

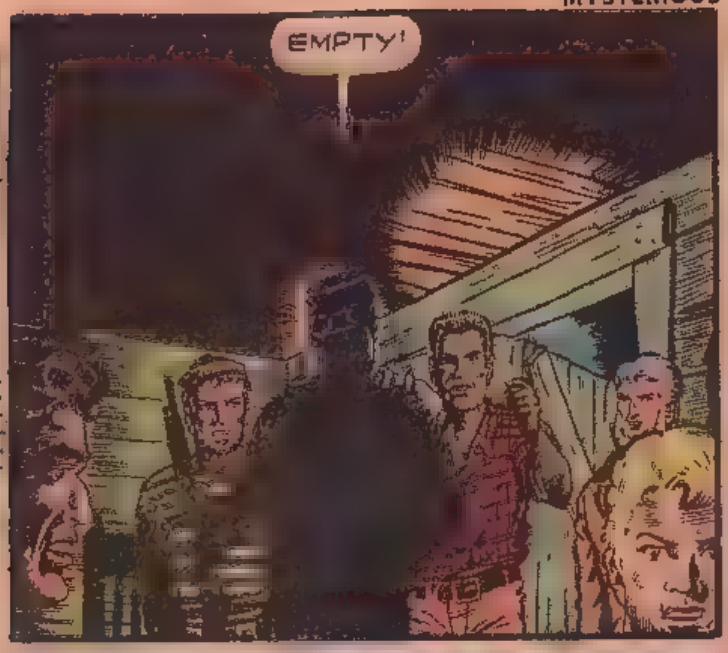
BUT WE ARE ALL HERE! WAS IT THE DEVIL WHO RANG IT?

SOMEONE IS SENDING A MESSAGE!

AT LAST!
C-O-M-E
TO T-H-E
C-O-R-R-A-L
M-M-E-D-I-A-T-E-L-Y


HEEDING THE STRANGE SUMMONS, THE COMPANIONS GROPE THROUGH THE THUNDEROUS NIGHT. . .
WE MUST HURRY!

THERE IS THE CORRAL...
BUT IT IS DESERTED! NO ONE...

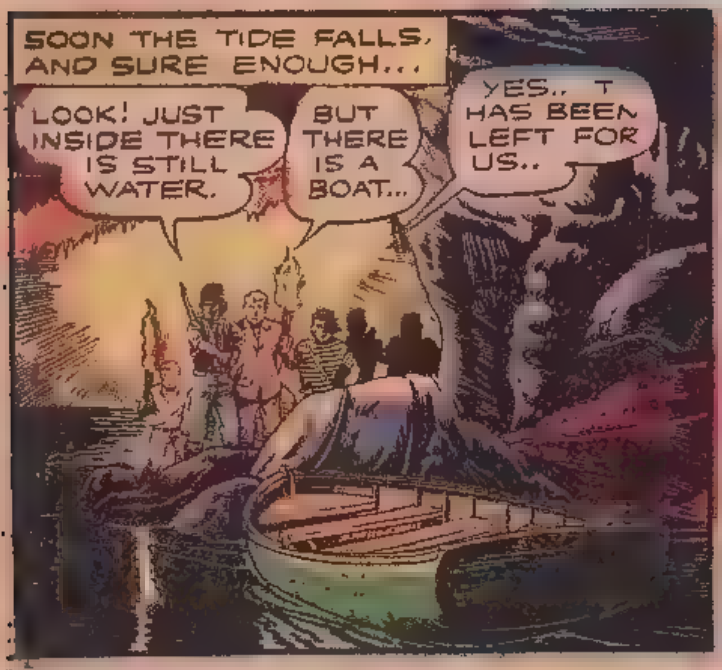

EMPTY!

AH A NOTE!
YES, AND FROM OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

FORWARD. WE MUST FIND THE NEW WIRE!
Follow the new wire

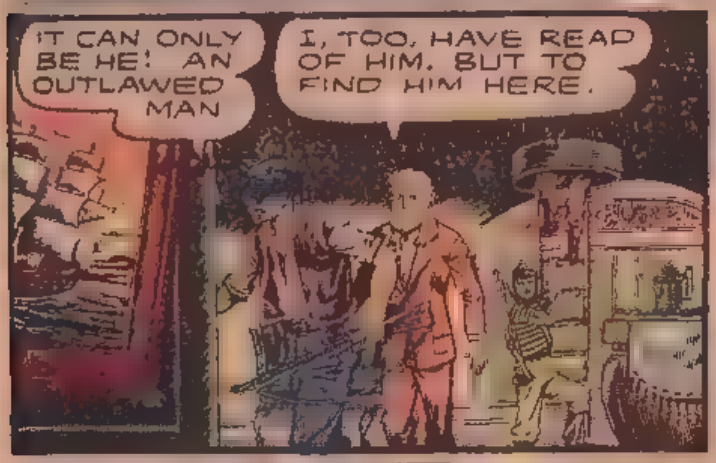
THERE IT IS!
WE MUST FOLLOW IT AT ONCE

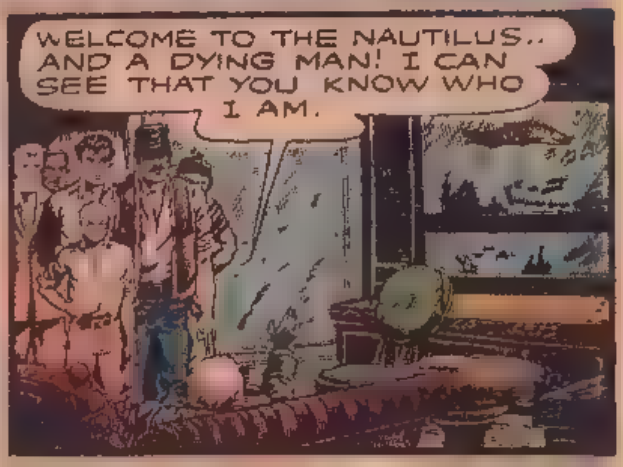
THE TIDE IS HIGH. WE MUST WAIT!
BUT HOW... MUST WE GO BENEATH THE WAVES?

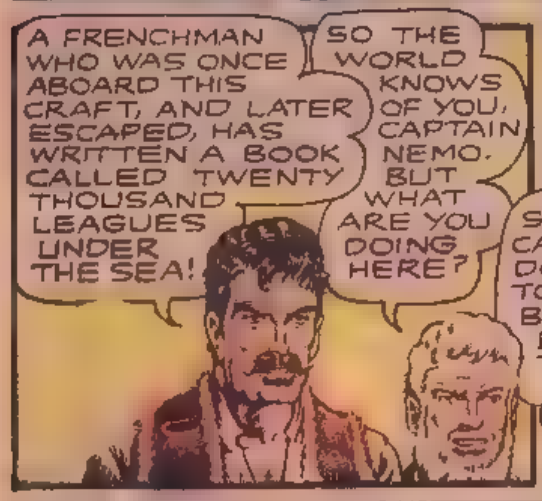

SOON THE TIDE FALLS, AND SURE ENOUGH...
LOOK! JUST INSIDE THERE IS STILL WATER.
BUT THERE IS A BOAT...
YES.. T HAS BEEN LEFT FOR US..

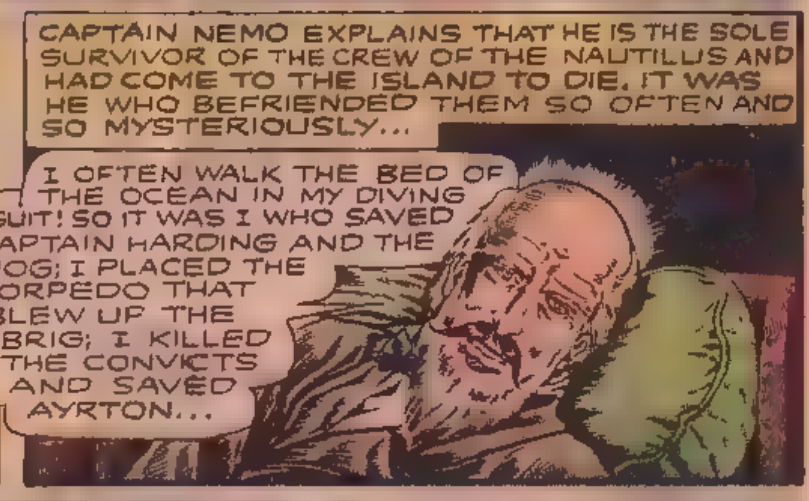
JUST AHEAD... A HUGE CAVERN!
BUT WHAT IS FLOATING THERE?

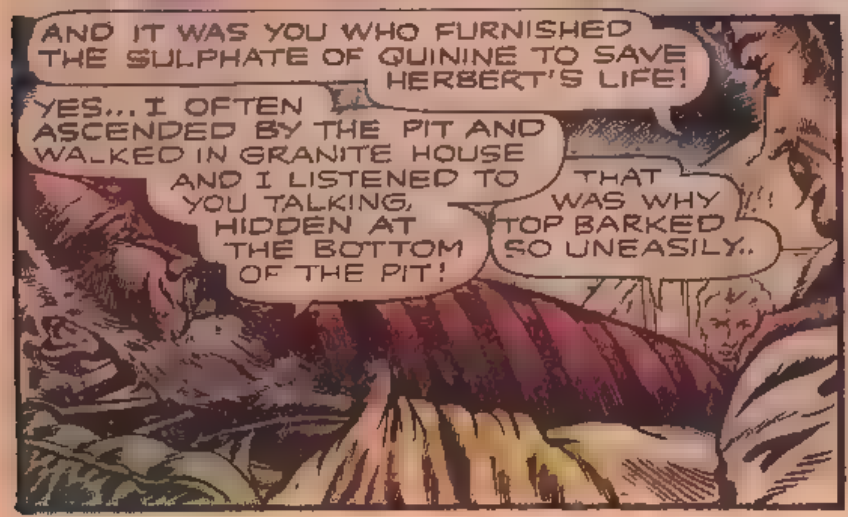
FILLED WITH CURIOSITY, THE GROUP APPROACH AND BOARD THE STRANGE CRAFT... A GIGANTIC SUBMARINE...

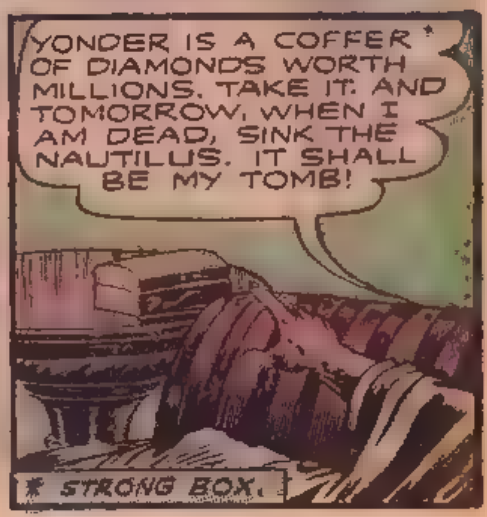

IT CAN ONLY BE HE! AN OUTLAWED MAN
I, TOO, HAVE READ OF HIM. BUT TO FIND HIM HERE.


WELCOME TO THE NAUTILUS.. AND A DYING MAN! I CAN SEE THAT YOU KNOW WHO I AM.


A FRENCHMAN WHO WAS ONCE ABOARD THIS CRAFT, AND LATER ESCAPED, HAS WRITTEN A BOOK CALLED TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA!
SO THE WORLD KNOWS OF YOU, CAPTAIN NEMO. BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

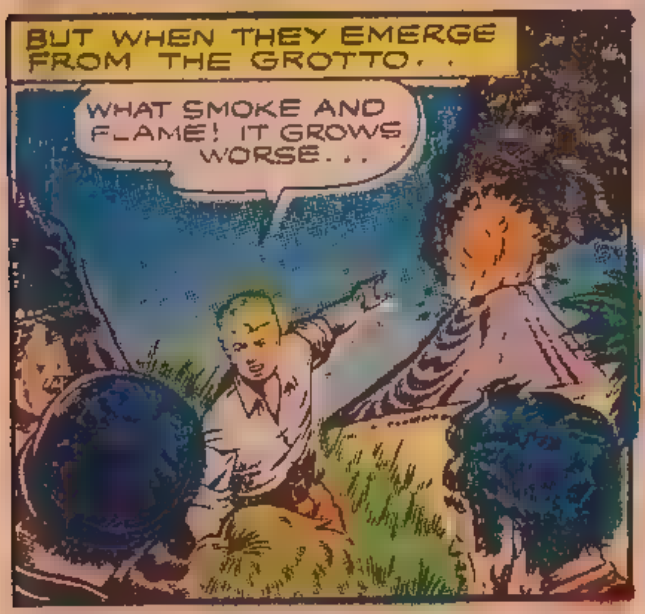

CAPTAIN NEMO EXPLAINS THAT HE IS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE CREW OF THE NAUTILUS AND HAD COME TO THE ISLAND TO DIE. IT WAS HE WHO BEFRIENDED THEM SO OFTEN AND SO MYSTERIOUSLY...
I OFTEN WALK THE BED OF THE OCEAN IN MY DIVING SUIT! SO IT WAS I WHO SAVED CAPTAIN HARDING AND THE DOG; I PLACED THE TORPEDO THAT BLEW UP THE BRIG; I KILLED THE CONVICTS AND SAVED AYRTON...


AND IT WAS YOU WHO FURNISHED THE SULPHATE OF QUININE TO SAVE HERBERT'S LIFE!
YES... I OFTEN ASCENDED BY THE PIT AND WALKED IN GRANITE HOUSE AND I LISTENED TO YOU TALKING, HIDDEN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT!
THAT WAS WHY TOP BARKED SO UNEASILY..


YONDER IS A COFFER* OF DIAMONDS WORTH MILLIONS. TAKE IT. AND TOMORROW, WHEN I AM DEAD, SINK THE NAUTILUS. IT SHALL BE MY TOMB!
* STRONG BOX.

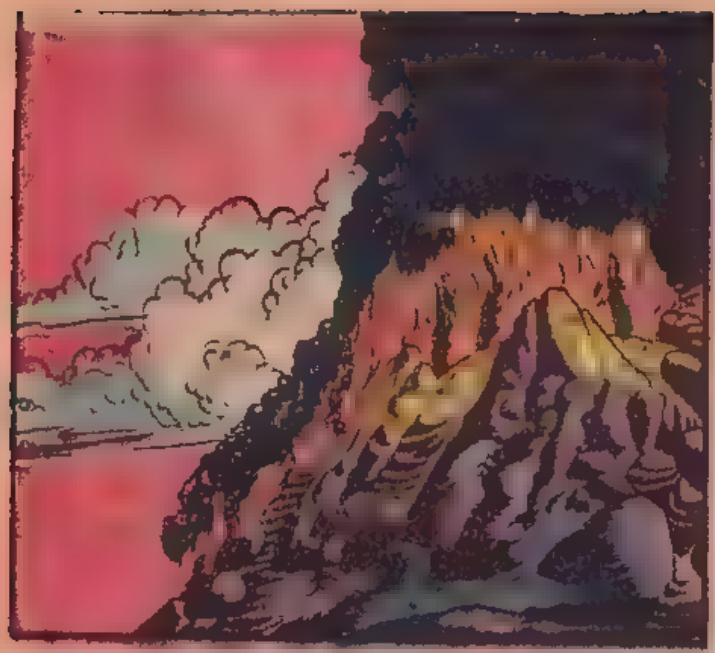
WE PROMISE

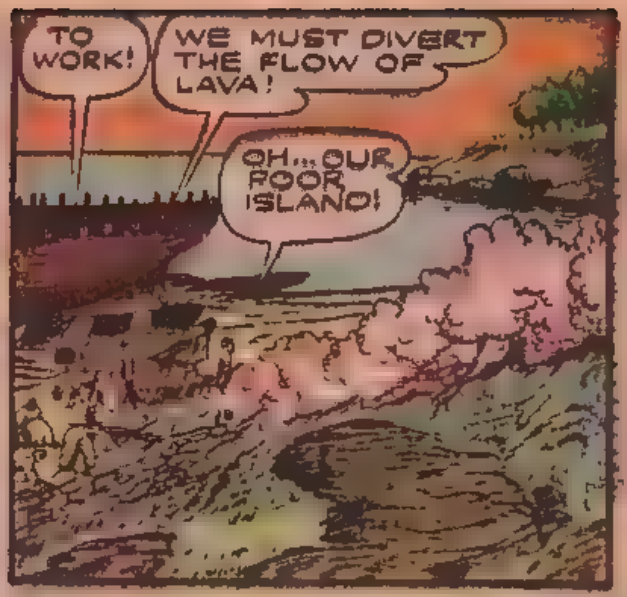
MAY THE ALMIGHTY HAVE MERCY ON HIS SOUL .. LET US PRAY

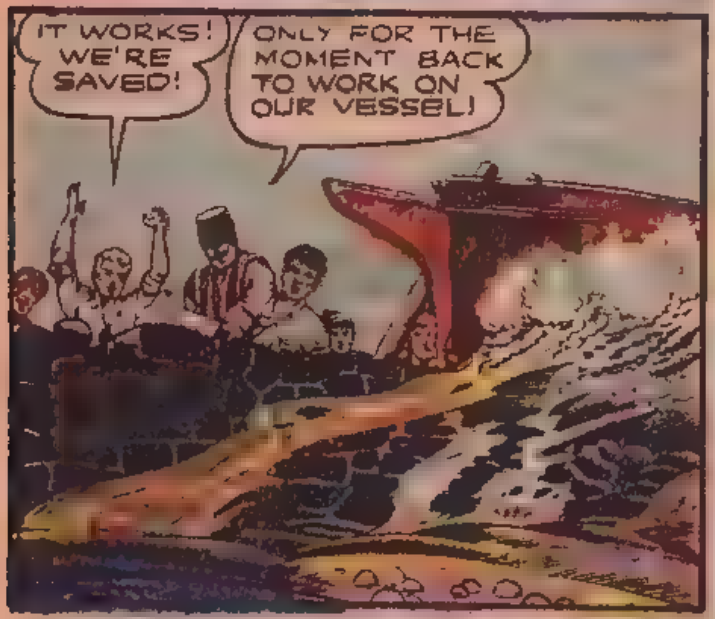

BUT WHEN THEY EMERGE FROM THE GROTTO. .
WHAT SMOKE AND FLAME! IT GROWS WORSE...

BEFORE CAPTAIN NEMO DIED, HE TOLD ME TO BEWARE OF THE VOLCANO! SEA WATER IS LEAKING INTO IT!
SEA WATER! IT WILL EXPLODE LIKE A BOILER!

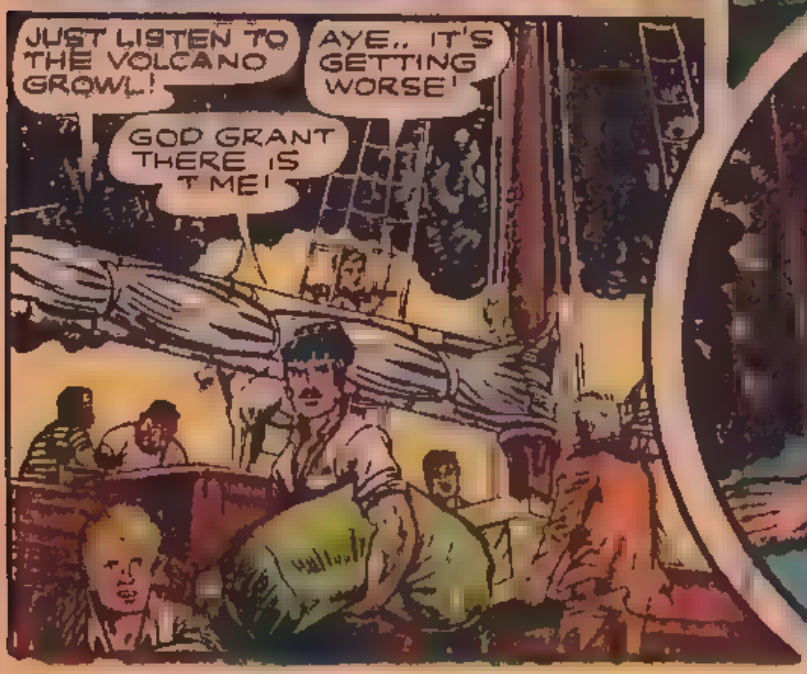
IT IS DECIDED TO MAKE ALL HASTE WITH THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.
WE MUST WORK LIKE DEMONS!
AND THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME!



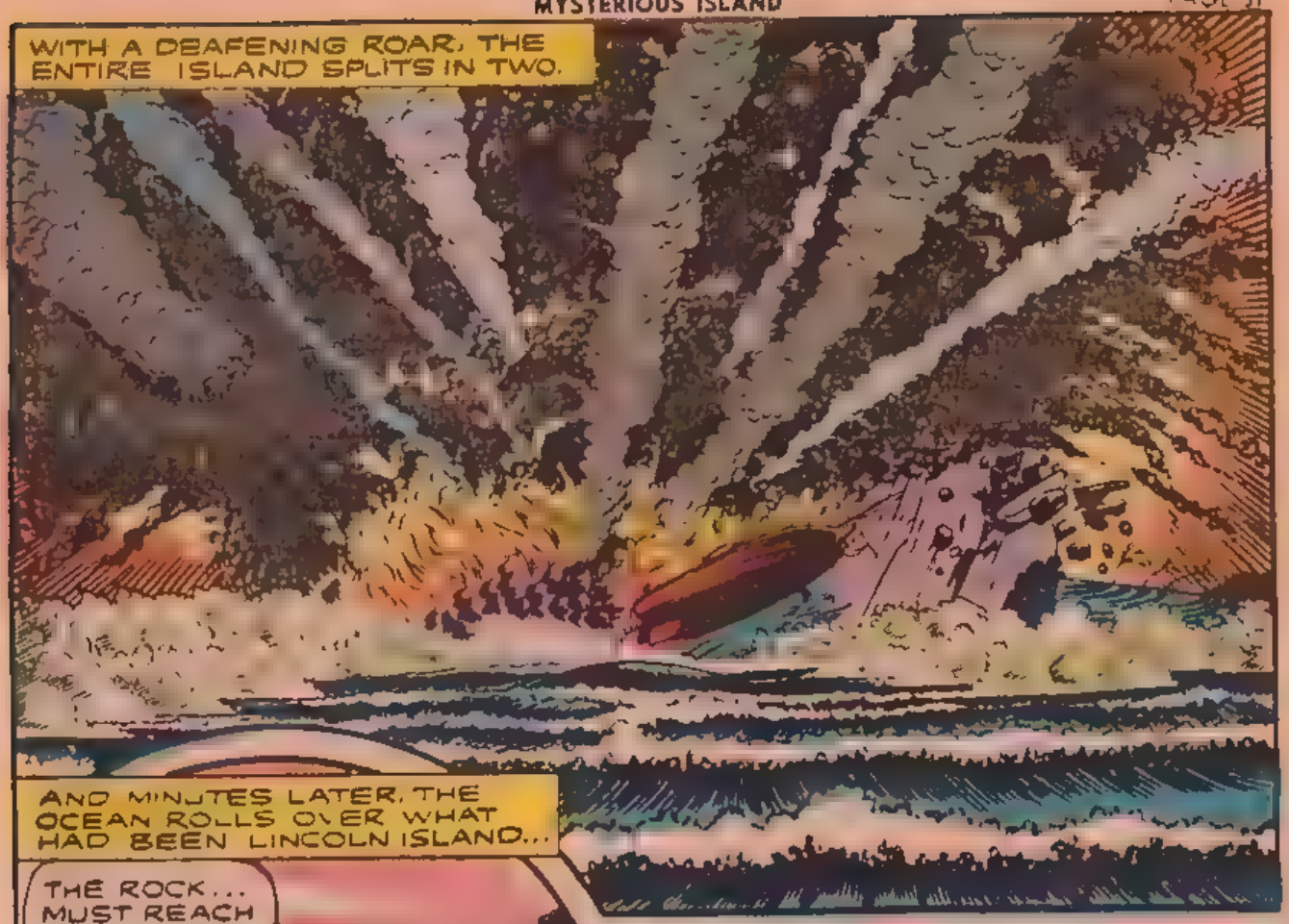

TO WORK!
WE MUST DIVERT THE FLOW OF LAVA!
OH... OUR POOR ISLAND!

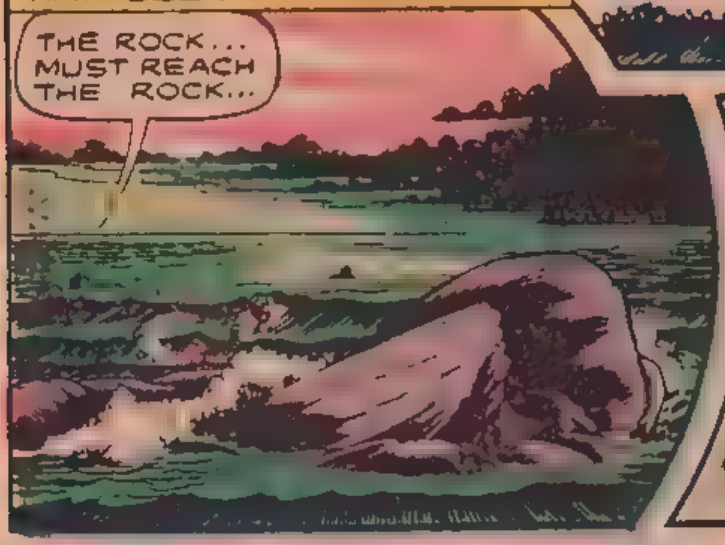

IT WORKS! WE'RE SAVED!
ONLY FOR THE MOMENT BACK TO WORK ON OUR VESSEL!

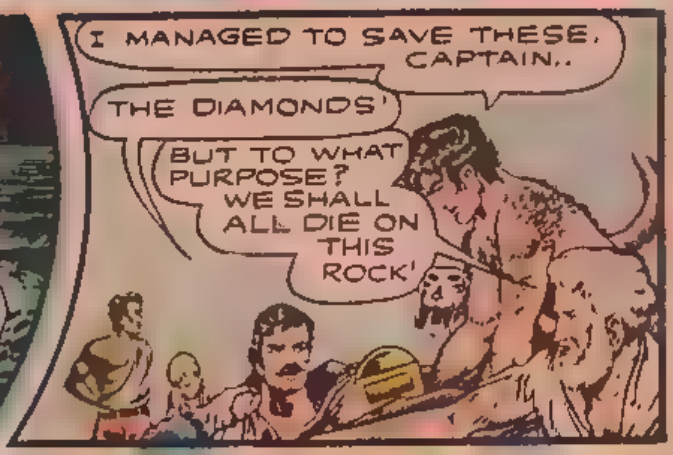
AND AT LAST THE VESSEL IS LAUNCHED, WITHOUT A MOMENT TO LOSE... THEIR DESTINATION, TABOR ISLAND. . .

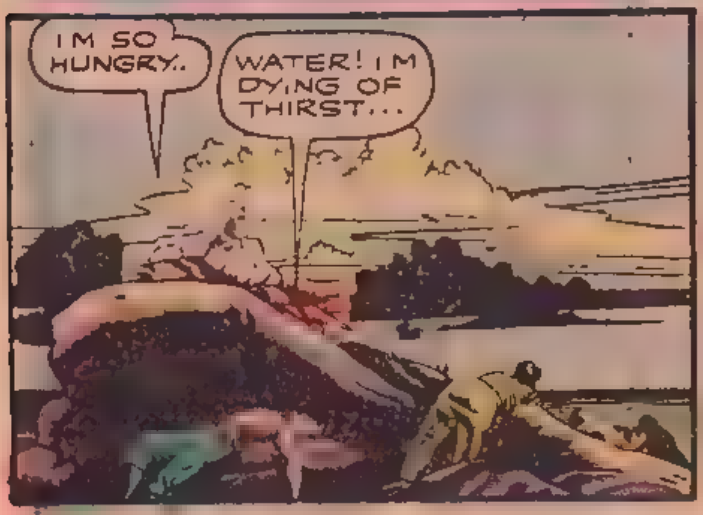

JUST LISTEN TO THE VOLCANO GROWL!
AYE.. IT'S GETTING WORSE!
GOD GRANT THERE IS TIME!

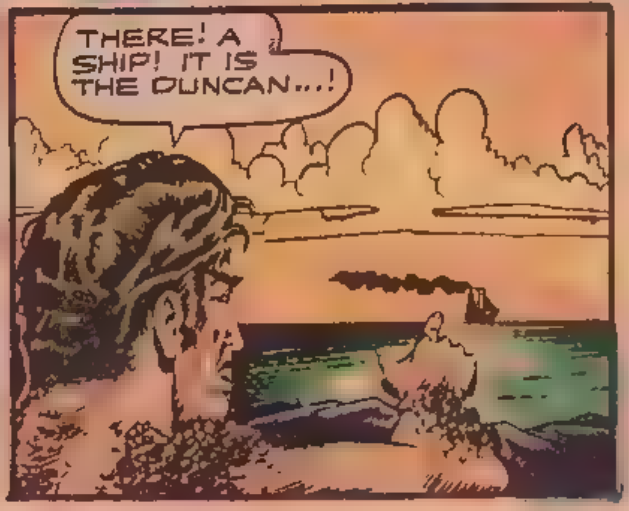
CAPTAIN.. FRIENDS! THE VOLCANO IS..


WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE ENTIRE ISLAND SPLITS IN TWO.
AND MINUTES LATER, THE OCEAN ROLLS OVER WHAT HAD BEEN LINCOLN ISLAND...


THE ROCK... MUST REACH THE ROCK...


I MANAGED TO SAVE THESE, CAPTAIN..
THE DIAMONDS!
BUT TO WHAT PURPOSE? WE SHALL ALL DIE ON THIS ROCK!


I'M SO HUNGRY..
WATER! I'M DYING OF THIRST...


THERE! A SHIP! IT IS THE DUNCAN...!

THE DUNCAN IT IS! SENT BY LORD GLENARVAN TO PICK UP AYRTON, THE MAN HE MAROONED ON TABOR ISLAND...

BUT YOU SAILED FOR TABOR ISLAND. HOW DID YOU FIND US?

I KNEW IT BY THE DOCUMENT YOU LEFT ON TABOR ISLAND. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

DOCUMENT?

WE LEFT NO DOCUMENT!

BUT THEY ARE SHOWN A PAPER UPON WHICH IS THE LOCATION OF LINCOLN ISLAND...

IT IS CAPTAIN NEMO'S WRITING!

OF COURSE! HE BORROWED OUR BONADVENTURE AND WENT TO TABOR ISLAND TO LEAVE THIS NOTICE. EVEN AFTER HIS DEATH, HE RENDERED US A LAST SERVICE!

THE KINDLY CREW GIVES THEM FOOD AND CLEAN CLOTHING...

HA, THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE IT AGAIN!

AND WE SHALL SOON RETURN TO AMERICA...

BUT WE SHALL NEVER FORGET LINCOLN ISLAND!

NEVER...

GOODBYE...

THE END.

JULES VERNE

Man Who Saw Marvels

As a little boy, in his home on the Island of Feydeau near Nantes, France Jules Verne once dreamed that the island had been washed away by the sea. In his dream he saw himself carried by the island to far off lands, and imagined that he stretched sails from the trees and, in that manner, traveled all over the oceans of the world. It was a prophetic dream, because that little boy grew up to write the books in which existed such wonders as the submarine, airplanes, and radio, all of which he wrote about before they came to be realities.

He was born on February 8, 1828, the son of Pierre and Sophie Verne. His father was a well-to-do lawyer and decided that Jules should enter his law office as soon as he was of age. Even then, however, the imaginative child had other ideas. Surrounded as he was by ships and sailors, and the cargoes of strange goods from far corners of the earth, young Jules came to love the sea. Although he never really became a sailor, his love for salt water and everything connected with it persisted throughout his life, and many of his stories and books were written about the sea.

When he was very young he ran away from home and tried to join the crew of a merchant vessel. One of the regular sailors of the ship, however, warned Jules' father of his son's intended trip, and when the ship was just making ready to sail the father came aboard and removed Jules. After the subsequent whipping and a diet of bread and water for a time, the boy told his parents that henceforward he would "travel only in his imagination." We all know how well he did just that.

At school young Verne was a leader in all the games. He invented a new kind of stilts, and he was forever drawing fantastic pictures on the blackboards to illustrate his ideas about machines and the inventions of the future. At Latin and Greek he was a failure, not because he was not intelligent, but simply because he was not interested. As soon as possible, after his formal schooling was over he went to Paris where he was supposed to study law and prepare to pass his bar examinations.

Actually he devoted most of his time to reading and going to the theatre. Soon he began trying to write, and though his early efforts received very little encouragement from his friends, and none at all from his family, he persisted. He made friends with the great Alexandre Dumas and from him learned much which was to be of value later. All during the year 1848 he remained in Paris, studying and working hard, and gradually achieving some degree of success. For a time, to please his father, he returned to the study of law, but did not take any real interest in it.

Gradually he came to understand that his talent lay in more unconventional fields, and he began turning out thousands of words about adventure in far off lands, where the explorers sailed through the air in balloons, or walked beneath the sea in diving suits. He was writing at the beginning of a scientific age, and he took care that his work should be as informative and accurate as possible.

Five Weeks in a Balloon was his first great success. For many weeks he labored on the manuscript, but when it was completed he could not find a publisher to accept it. In a fit of temper Verne threw the bulky sheaf of paper into the fireplace, but his wife rescued it before it could burn. To make amends Verne promised to submit it to another publisher that very day. The book was accepted two weeks later by the firm of M. Hetzel who, for years to come, was to publish Verne's books.

Once having tasted success, Jules Verne worked feverishly for nine years. He wrote almost constantly, and when he was not writing he was traveling or making notes. In 1869 he finished *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, which he always regarded as his best work. It appeared in 1870 and his fame as a writer of scientific adventure tales was secure.

There followed many years of writing and traveling, both of which were curtailed in later years because of deafness and blindness. Death came at the age of 77, on the morning of March 24, 1905.

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